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August, 1922 x

Dr. Mitchell Chapman's
NATIONAL
about People
Mostly
MAGAZINE

A ^N Undergraduate's
Impressions of Yale

U LTRA-ART—Wheelock's
Cubist Conceptions

G REYHOUNDS of the Sea
Built by the Lawleys

U NDER B. C. Forbes' Spell
Business Sphinxes Unbend

S UMMER Days on Cape Cod,
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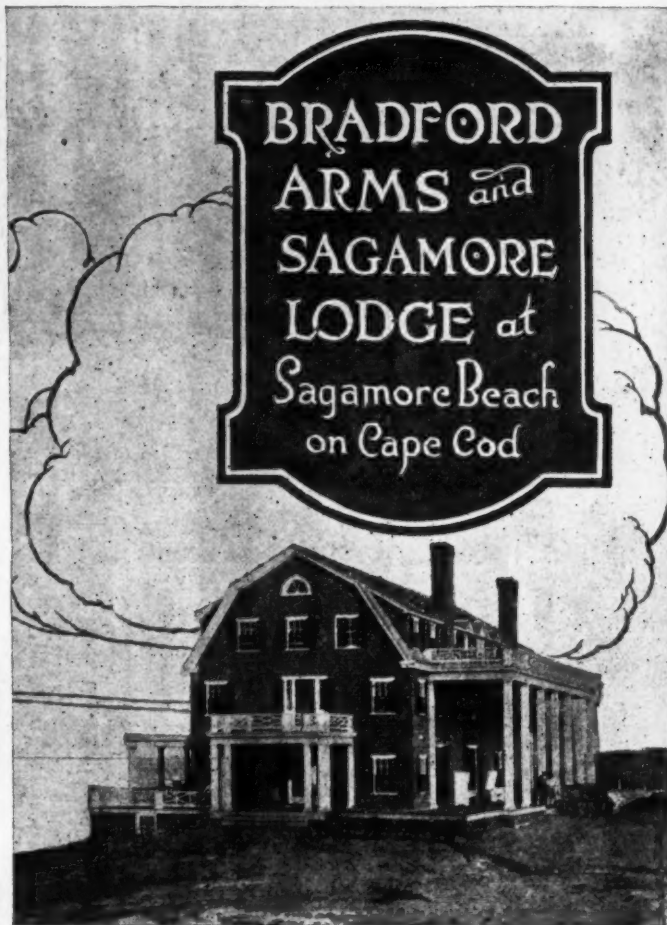
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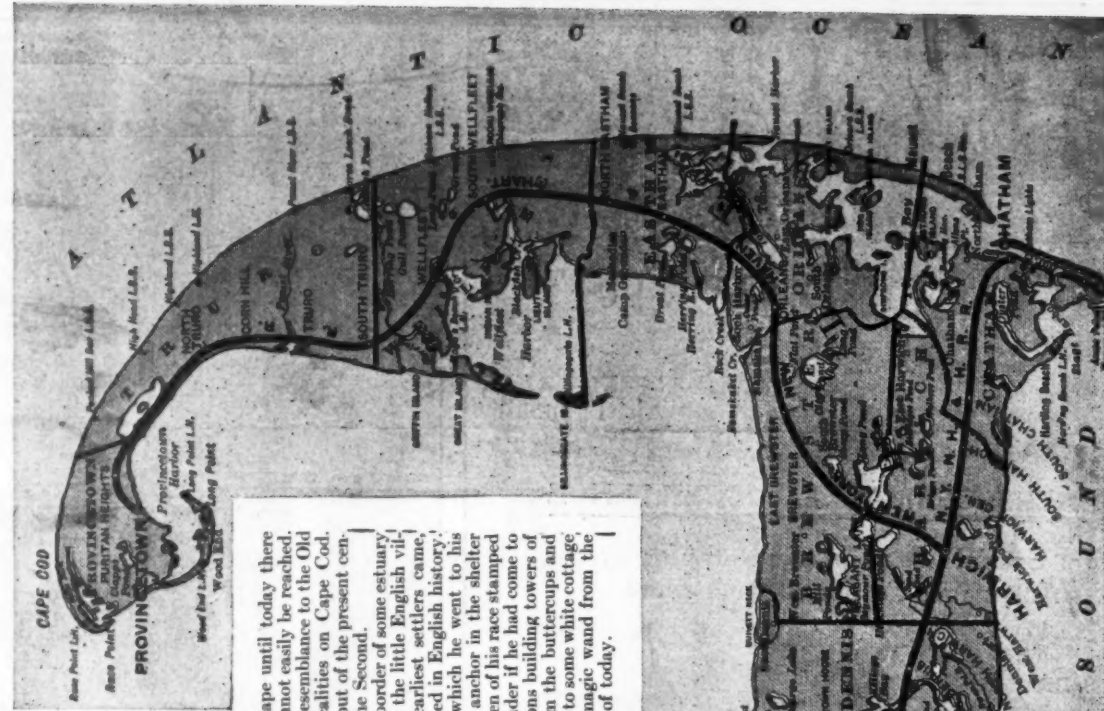
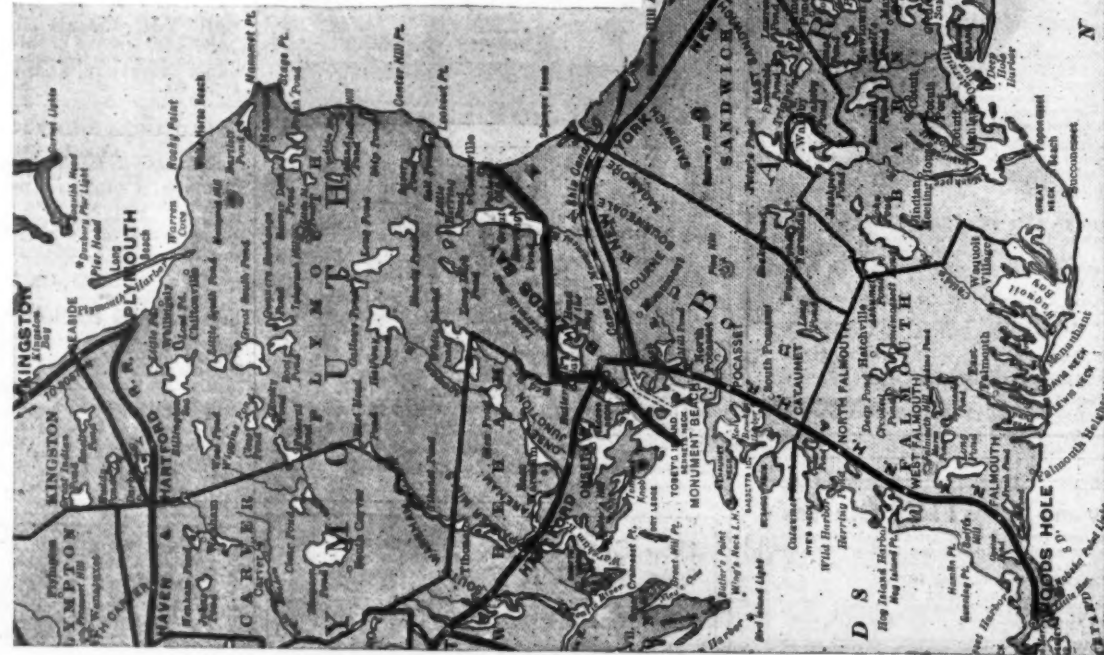
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Cape Cod and the Pilgrim Land—Where History and Traditions Blend

A Quaint, Delightful Summer Playground by the Sea



CAPE COD faces upon four seas—Buzzard's Bay, Massachusetts Bay, Nantucket Sound and the Atlantic Ocean. It comprises the entire county of Barnstable, and within the borders of its fifteen towns are one hundred and forty-three villages. Aside from its rare historic interest and the charm of old traditions that linger round every nook and corner of the Cape—its wonderfully diversified landscape, its miles of beautiful beaches and its equable climate in the summer months make of it one of the most delightful and popular summer playgrounds of the nation.

Until within comparatively recent years easily accessible only by water, the network of automobile roads and railway tracks has spread gradually over the entire Cape until today there is scarcely any portion of the whole Cape country that cannot easily be reached. No other section of New England preserves its quaint resemblance to the Old England of three hundred years ago as do certain localities on Cape Cod. Below Hyannis, the autoist on the State highway drives out of the present century into the South of England at the time of Charles the Second.

Nestling in the shelter of the wind-swept hills or on the border of some estuary of the sea, the traveler sees before him quaint replicas of the little English villages in Cornwall, Kent and Devonshire from which the earliest settlers came, and on the signboards reads the names of towns renowned in English history.

Could William of Avon rise from the resting place in which he went to his long sleep so few years before the *Mayflower* dropt her anchor in the shelter of Cape Cod, and wander about the countryside where men of his race stamped their traditions upon the New World, well might he wonder if he had come to life again in his boyhood home. Even the "singing masons building towers of gold," of which he wrote in his rare way, would rise from the buttercups and blueets at his feet and wing their honey-laden journey home to some white cottage to all seeming of the human eye transported by some magic wand from the England of Shakespeare's time to the Cape Cod country of today.



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Mostly about People

SEPTEMBER, 1922



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THE schooner *Eunice P. Newcomb*, of 120 tons, sailed by Captain Lorenzo Dow Baker of Wellfleet, Cape Cod, on its stop at Port Antonio, Jamaica, for a full cargo of bananas which marked the birth of the United Fruit Company. It was June, 1879, when the trip was made.

In 1870 Captain Baker had piloted the schooner *Telegraph* to a port on the Orinoco River in Venezuela, South America, with machinery, and on the return called at Port Morant, Jamaica, for a cargo of bamboo, and took on some bunches of bananas which were sold in New York. He then made another trip with the *Telegraph*.

But it was the *Eunice P. Newcomb*, above, which took on one of the first full cargoes. It marked the inception of the company which has made such a stupendous, yet peaceful, conquest of the tropics of America.

Captain Baker and his son, Lorenzo D. Baker, Junior, then a boy, are among those shown standing with the crew midship on the pier. On this same spot at Port Antonio are today the spacious wharves of one of the greatest banana ports in the world.

The rugged spirit of adventure of Cape Cod seafaring folks has made America known in the ports of the seven seas.



Affairs at Washington

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE



THERE are few to envy Presidential work on these hot August days. As arbiter of two labor crises, the effect of which is being felt throughout the nation, he has carried a heavy load.

Weeks ago President Harding made it plain that he believed there had been too much upsetting of industry. The public right must always be maintained paramount.

As the dog days advance the words of the opposing parties grow simultaneously hotter—it appears that mild measures have been nigh exhausted. A permanent settlement, not one that is merely a truce, has been in the offing and is what is most desired.

Strongly seconded by his cabinet, with whom he has conferred long and often on every question, it appears that should the next step of the president be a less mild-mannered one, it will find popular support. There is even a limit to the good nature and patience of the American people.

CHIEF JUSTICE TAFT has again brought to the attention of the American public the injustice of delaying the wheels of the law. Mr. Taft is right. If there has been one fact in our governmental operations which has been used by radicals as a basis of complaint, it is the advantage which the rich appear to enjoy in the matter of legal adjustments. No question could be found on which the Bar Association could more profitably concentrate its attention.

OCCASIONALLY one hears within or without the corridors of the Capitol an intonation of displeasure at Lloyd George's attempted "passing the buck" to America for Europe's topsy-turvy financial condition. Two London newspapers, it appears, gave the first warning to the premier of the folly of such a step.

THERE are universal expressions of commendation for President Harding's judgment in making appointments to the foreign service, both diplomatic and consular. A careful survey shows outstanding merit in all of the men filling important posts in other lands. Scanning the list, one finds that those now holding the highest positions received preliminary training in lesser though similar posts, and are admirably fitted for these important tasks. Even a democratic publication admits that the selection of leaders to represent America in foreign lands has been done far better than "in recent years."

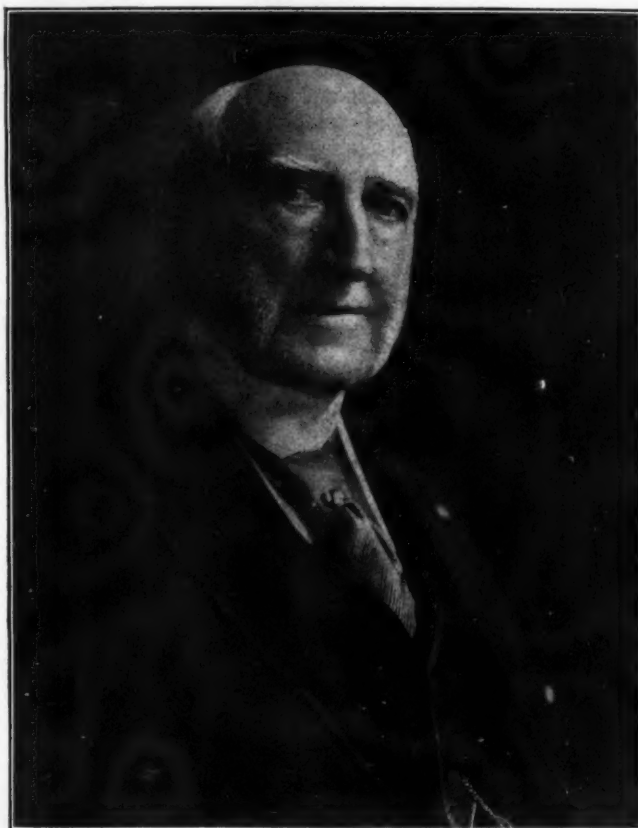
SENATOR LODGE is easily one of the outstanding figures in the tariff turmoil, and his strong convincing speeches on duties, especially hides, have swung many to his convictions and indicate the rugged strength of the Bay State leader's position.

That most of the benefit of a duty on hides would inure to the packers, not the public, and that there is no competition from foreign footwear, anyway, have been two of his principal arguments.

Senator Lodge ought to know, what with Boston the leather center of the nation. His views have been seconded by an overwhelming majority.

* * * *

IN Minnesota, where a hair-raising run with the Nonpartisan league was only recently staged, there seems to be an echo of similar sentiment at Washington questioning our immigration policy. A Minneapolis newspaper quotes from the report of the strike at Herrin, Ill., and asks if there are not a good many who have not yet learned the true value of American citizenship.



HON. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW

Whose recently published *Memoirs* cover the period of greatest development of the United States



FORMER CONGRESSMAN JOSEPH WALSH

Being sworn in as Justice of the Superior Court of Massachusetts. The group comprise, from left to right, Governor Channing Cox, Eben S. Keith, formerly of the Governor's Council, "Uncle Joe" Cannon and the new Justice Walsh

It does seem that when a woman, idealized as the ministering angel in times of bloodshed, will refuse with a vulgar oath the cry of a bullet-ridden man for water, there is something wrong. Is more education and less immigration the solution?

FOR the best results on our battered up, nerve-shattered, but nevertheless good old Mr. World, it is up to the English speaking races to snuggle up to one another and pull together a little more harmoniously, advises Mr. Taft in a speech before the English Speaking Union in the west recently. Lord Shaw responded in the same vein.

Faith has accomplished many things, and faith among nations can never go amiss.

AN impressive compliment was paid to former Senator Chauncey M. Depew when Ambassador J. J. Jusserand conferred upon him the decoration of the Legion of Honor at the French Embassy in Washington. The Senator responded, as only Chauncey M. Depew can respond, in his gracious way. It was not the first decoration he had received, but he appreciated the distinction coming from the land of his Huguenot forebears.

Years ago, when he entertained the Commission from France which brought over the Bartholdi statue, he gave them a tour of the United States in general and the New York Central in particular. This included a glimpse of Niagara Falls, the one thing that foreigners put first in the itinerary. This inspired one of the party, an eminent literary man, to write the most eloquent tribute that has been paid to Niagara Falls.

On their return they presented their host with a pair of Savre vases as a special mark of distinction. Relating the incident he facetiously informed the ambassador that while he valued the vases, he could not wear them as he could the decoration which now adorned his lapel.

The Senator received hearty congratulations on his Memoirs, which is counted altogether one of the most interesting biographies and glimpses of public men that has been published in recent years. His public career covers an eventful sixty years. In his eighty-ninth year, what a privilege it was to again hear his recital of personal experiences with Abraham Lincoln.

When Lincoln was spending the summer afternoons at the

Soldier's Home, he used to walk from the White House to meet his military escort at the Willard Hotel, located on the same site as the New Willard. The trim and smart uniforms and equipment of the cavalry was in sharp contrast to the tall, gaunt figure of Lincoln, walking down the Avenue with a tall, perfectly straight stove-pipe hat, and wearing a Prince Albert coat. When he sat astride the horse his legs nearly reached the ground. Lincoln always rode to and from this summer retreat, escorted by the soldiers. He counted this horse-back ride as the exercise of the day.

There are some rare old Lincoln stories that Chauncey M. Depew heard from the lips of the great President. They have been preserved in his speeches and reminiscences, and he insists that today people are always interested in any story of Lincoln, no matter how oft told.

"But," said the Senator, with his customary chuckle, "Lincoln has had to be responsible for many stories he never dreamed of, and they are becoming widespread. Some of the stories attributed to Peekskill and myself, I must confess, I never heard until they came to me as some waif seeking for a real prey to hang upon."

* * * *

VERY nearly everybody "down on the Cape" knows Joseph Walsh, the Massachusetts Congressman named by Governor Cox a few weeks ago as a judge on the Superior Court bench of the Old Bay State. Ever since his boyhood days in Falmouth, the Cape—land of the piquant cranberry and the cod, the sportive lobster and the succulent clam, where lingering traditions of Indian forays and Pilgrim fortitude bring vivid memory pictures of olden days to the summer visitors—has been "Joe" Walsh's home and political stamping ground.

"Joe" cut his political wisdom teeth as moderator of Falmouth's town meetings coincident with the acquirement of his first long pants, and has been rampaging down the broad highway of political endeavor ever since.

New Bedford—still redolent of traditions of the old whaling days, when, like Salem, its name was known around the world—is the town where the new judge's beautiful and charming wife "keeps the home fire burning" for her talented husband and their three bright, sturdy boys.

Congressman Walsh has been looked upon during his two terms in the national House as one of the most earnest and conscientious workers in Congress. Since the Republicans came back into power he has been Speaker Gillette's lieutenant on the floor of the House, his particular job being to head off any bills that threatened to interfere with the Republican program. Whenever Mr. Gillette has been absent, Congressman Walsh has performed the duties of acting speaker in a capable and able manner. Indeed, it has been freely predicted by many of the political *cognoscenti* who have watched his career that if he remained in Congress, some day he would be Speaker. As the watch dog of the G. O. P. kennels he has had to obstruct freak legislation and reckless expenditure of public funds, as well as keep a careful eye on the regular order of business to prevent the House from wandering into forbidden byways. His sharp, incisive "I object, Mr. Speaker," had come to be one of the most familiar, and to some log-rolling members, the most feared and disliked utterance heard in the House, but despite the sometimes bitter and acrimonious remarks directed at him by chagrined solons whose frontal attacks upon the "pork barrel" he had deftly diverted, "Joe" Walsh has been very generally liked and admired, as well as respected. Even his enemies respect him.

Outside of "business hours" he is a most companionable person. Nearly every Saturday afternoon he has played dominoes at the Press Club with Uncle Joe Cannon, who, by the way, is some mean little exponent of the subtleties of this ancient game, having imbibed its traditions and mastered its intricacies away back in his early youth when dominoes occupied about the same social level that golf does now.

Despite his interest in politics, which attracted his attention when most adolescent solons are chiefly interested in neckties and baseball, Congressman Walsh, now Judge Walsh, has been a consistent, intensive student of the law. He was graduated from the Boston University law school while a member of the Massachusetts legislature, where he made an enviable record by his strict attention to business and his unswerving fidelity to his district—and has had valuable routine experience in one of the best law offices in his state.

Adding the knowledge of men and affairs gained in his sixteen years of public service in the legislature and the House to his solid legal groundwork and his insatiable appetite for work, should make Judge Walsh a conspicuous and valued addition to the bench of the Superior Court of his native state.

* * * *

MUCH more than local and perfunctory interest is being aroused by the announced candidacy of Sherman L. Whipple, prominent Boston attorney, for the Democratic nomination to oppose Senator Lodge in the November state election. The outcome of the Massachusetts Senatorial primary will be watched with considerable concern by the national leaders of the Democratic party in anticipation of the possible grooming of a Presidential "dark horse" for the Democratic paddocks in the 1924 Presidential convention sweepstakes.

While Mr. Whipple's name and attainments may not be generally familiar to the great American vote-casting public, in the unlikely event of his defeating Henry Cabot Lodge in November, he would be pushed sufficiently into the limelight to make him a strong—possibly the strongest—favorite in the race for the Democratic presidential nomination. As it happens, he enjoys close ties of intimate personal friendship with many of the "big" men of his party, who, it is whispered in political circles, have urged him into the senatorial contest as a tryout preliminary to the main event.

The bitter feud existing within the party organization between the Cox and McAdoo factions makes it seem vitally necessary to give serious consideration to the selection of a possible third party as the 1924 candidate. So far, Senator Pomerene of Ohio and Attorney Whipple of Massachusetts have pretty much monopolized the attention of the party leaders. Both men have strong potential possibilities—Pomerene, because a Democratic senatorial victory in President Harding's home state this fall would be regarded as having great political significance; Whipple, because if he gained a victory over Henry Cabot Lodge, the leader of the Republican foreign policy, than whom no man in public life today has had a more distinguished political career, would have achieved a prestige that would carry him far in the consideration of his party. Taking it by and large, it may not be too much to say that he is "the man of the hour" on the Democratic horizon.

* * * *

WHILE Senator James A. Reed of Missouri may not be charged with having a "winning way," he has a way of expressing in words thoughts that command instant attention. His speech in the Senate a year ago on the coal problem is an example of what he is planning to do more than ever along the lines of vitalizing business and industrial activity.

He said in his appeal for production:

"Have we not arrived at a time when we can put the business of the people of the United States back into the hands of the men who created it? When I speak of business I do not refer to 'big business,' the 'big trusts,' or even the men engaged in merchandising. I am speaking about every man who produces with hand or brain, every man who maintains a household, every man who is engaged, as all of us ought to be, in *producing something*."

After reviewing all the muddy logic regarding war regulations in peace times, he could not bring himself to conclude without a sarcastic reference to bills scheduled for the future:



SHERMAN L. WHIPPLE

Leading a civic parade. He is being groomed as a possible leader of the Democratic party in 1924

"We are embarking on a career of socialistic madness. Today's legislation is to be followed by a bill authorizing a bureau of the Federal Government to take charge of the propagation and raising of babies. More remarkable is the fact that the commission is to be composed almost exclusively of old maids. But I will discuss that bill at a later date. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

Senator Reed never had the approval and endorsement of former President Wilson, but he went into his campaign with intrepid fearlessness. He left his native state of Iowa and grew up with Kansas City. He is a leader in the state where the traditional motto is: "Show me." He shows them.

* * * *

IN a big grey stone building in Washington, on the seventh floor, Dr. Hubert Work as Postmaster-General of the U. S. A., fully exemplifies what real work means. His home town is Pueblo, California, but he was born in Indiana County, Pennsylvania, 1860, on the day before the Fourth of July was celebrated. He was educated at the State Normal College and later studied medicine at the Universities of Michigan and Pennsylvania.

In 1887 he married Laura M. Arbuckle at Anderson, Indiana, but he had already heard the call of Horace Greeley, gone west and located in Colorado, practicing in Greeley, Fort Morgan and Pueblo.

He founded the Woodcroft Hospital in 1896 and was president of the Colorado State Medical Society and the American Medico Psychological Society in 1912. As a delegate to the National Republican Convention in 1908 he begun his political career and in 1912 was Chairman of the Republican State Committee, which position he held until 1919. During the late war, he retired from the practice of medicine and volunteered in the Medical Corps of the Army and was commissioned Major and assigned to the staff of General Crowder.



DR. HUBERT WORK

Postmaster-General of the United States at the head of one government department that comes closely into daily touch with every person in the United States

He was promoted to the rank of Colonel in the Medical Corps and is now in the Officer's Reserve Corps. He was president of the American Medical Society in 1901 and later appointed first assistant Postmaster-General.

On March 3, 1922, he succeeded General Will H. Hays as Postmaster-General and has given to his work the same assiduous, analytical, and broad executive force that has characterized his life work. Every city, village and hamlet wherever Uncle Sam's post-office sign hangs out is the point of contact of the government with more people than in any other branch of the government. His long years of medical practice have made him feel that every patient is a friend and every friend a patient, so that Dr. Work continues on the broad human policies of the Harding administration, eliminating all the mysterious veil of officialdom and bureaucratic pride and bringing the work of the post-office department down to brass tacks as a business proposition which concerns every man, woman and child in the country.

* * *

AT first glance the story of Senator Ralph H. Cameron of Arizona reads like the scenario of a five-reel movie "thriller." At second glance it bears the impress of an epic poem.

Born in the little village of Southport, Maine, almost within sight and sound of the long North Atlantic swells that break against the rock-bound seacoast, young Cameron inherited the sturdy independence, the thirst for adventure and the love of travel that have ever characterized the sturdy youths of the old Pine Tree State.

Like thousands of other Maine boys, he adventured a few trips in a fishing schooner to the Grand Banks, but finding from experience that more hard work and danger than profit were to be found in this calling, young Cameron turned his back upon the sea, and listening to the call of the West, started for California. When he had come both to the end of the railroad and of his money, he found himself in Arizona.

A job in a sawmill offered, and he continued to assuage the demands of a healthy young appetite while his cash surplus accumulated with painful slowness. His next job was as clerk for the chief engineer of the railroad, and a position as station agent was offered him—a position that he declined with thanks, because he still wanted to go to California. Before starting, however, he assumed management of a store while its owner took a trip to New Orleans. During this time of mercantile

activities he formed the acquaintance of a sheep owner, who offered him a half interest in six thousand sheep. Cameron took charge of marketing the sheep and wool, and made what looked to him like a small fortune in two years.

Then he went into the cattle business—and lost the money he had made from sheep. After that he decided to resume his interrupted journey to California. Probably this time he would have reached there—if he hadn't stopped off at Flagstaff and got elected county sheriff.

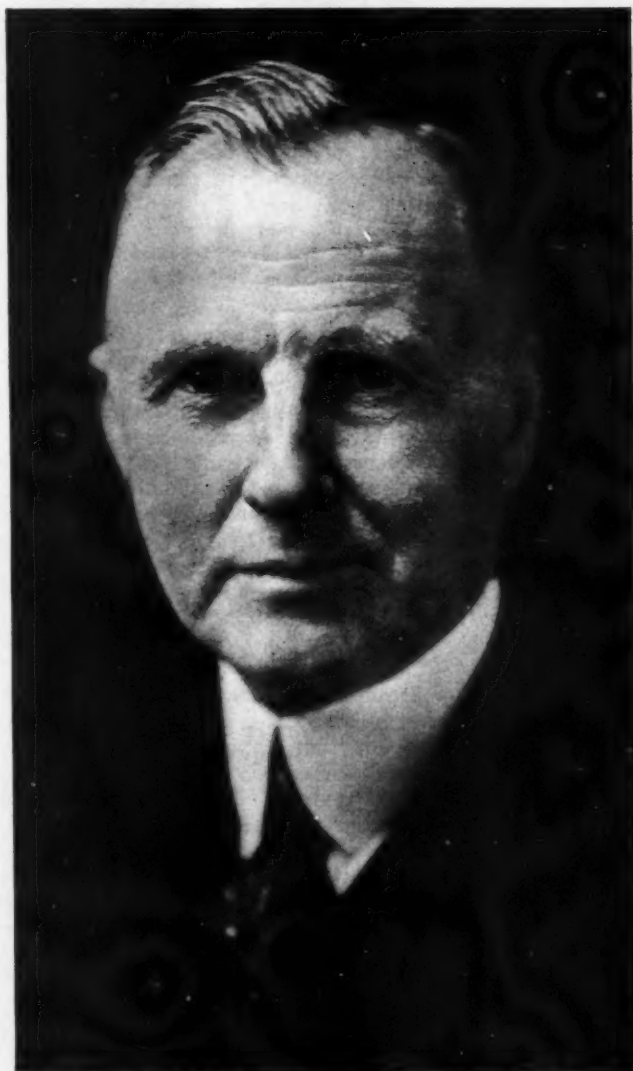
There were bad men in those days—rustlers and train robbers and other vain disturbers of the public peace, upon whose heads the stern hand of the law in the person of Sheriff Cameron fell heavily and often.

But all this time he was panting in his eagerness to get to California. Maybe he'd have made it, too, after he'd reduced the bad men of Cococino County to innocuous desuetude, if some incautious person had not intimated in his presence that nothing but a mountain sheep could ever climb out of the Grand Canyon.

"They said it couldn't be done—but he did it." And few men on this little whirling sphere have builded for themselves a more spectacular and enduring monument than Ralph Cameron built in the construction of Bright Angel Trail.

The building of the Bright Angel Trail was a stupendous undertaking, carried to completion over apparently insurmountable difficulties, despite the

(Continued on page 108)



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SENATOR RALPH H. CAMERON OF ARIZONA
Builder of the Bright Angel Trail in the Grand Canyon

"Art is long—but Time is fleeting"

Provincetown's Summer Art Colony

The white umbrella and the painter's smock is a familiar sight in the City in the Sand, where Nature and tradition blend with the quaint architecture of a bygone century to make it an artist's paradise

WITHOUT doubt the greatest summer art center today is to be found on the tip end of Cape Cod in quaint old Provincetown. Many years ago it seemed that this landing place of the Pilgrims was destined to be nothing more than an inconspicuous fishing village of little, low-roofed houses, dropped here and there along the harbor front before the long foot path which extended "up along" and "down along" took upon itself the more dignified title of street, and the narrow board walk skirted its upper side for a distance of nearly three miles. But when artists, writers, musicians, and other followers of the arts happened upon its sandy shores, the old wharves, the narrow streets, and quaint houses so attracted them that they immediately adopted it as their own.

Even the corner cobbler, the green grocer, and that relic of a past generation, the town crier, are still in evidence, and the latter, proud of the distinction of being the only one to officially fill that position in the New England of today. The feeling of gaiety and good-fellowship existing in this community are only outbalanced by the earnest work that is done, and the success that is achieved.

To be sure, for years past, painter men have been found there, artists of note, too,

By W. S. BIRGE, M.D.

like the late Mark Waterman, who painted many of his fantasies of the desert in the sand dunes over toward the Race Point Life Saving Station, or like William F. Halsall, painter of big naval pictures, who up to

group of young boys from the Ethical Culture School who were instructed by Miss Dewing Woodward. Among the class in 1897 was a Norwegian lad whose name has since become familiar to all followers of the art exhibits in our large cities—one Jonas Lie.

In general, however, it is Hawthorne who has made Provincetown what it is so far as



THE sand dunes of Cape Cod provide an ever-changing panorama for the artist's brush. Under the shifting shadows of the drifting clouds, the white glare of the noontide summer sun, or the soft witchery of silver moonlight, they blend with the sea-swept horizon to make a scene of indescribable grandeur and beauty



QUAINT customs of the early days are preserved in the narrow winding byways of old Provincetown, where the town crier with bell and voice proclaims his news

the time of his death in 1919 plied his brush there summer and winter. Though at an advanced age, his hand was steady and had lost none of its cunning, as may be judged from the fact that his latest picture of the battleship *Oregon* was purchased by the United States government for the modest sum of \$30,000.

In a big square house on Provincetown's Main Street are installed for the season of 1922 the works of the eighth annual exhibition of the Provincetown Art Association.

It is claimed that this old fishing town now entertains more artists and art students than any other place on the coast, probably than any other in the world.

The sand dunes of Cape Cod have grown wonderfully in popularity among the young men and young women of the New York and Philadelphia art schools since "Charley" Hawthorne, himself just out of the League life class twenty years ago, came here for a summer's painting. There had been classes in Provincetown even before the advent of Mr. Hawthorne's annual horde. Some twenty-four years ago there was a little

art and artists are concerned. He early built a big, convenient studio for himself on one of the most prominent and sightly sand hills overlooking the town. Here, with Portuguese fisherfolk for models, have been painted most of the pictures which have made him internationally celebrated. Here he has developed his impressive manner of teaching the literally hundreds of young people who may be seen at an early hour in the morning starting forth from cottages and boarding houses with their painting outfits.

Possessed of a certain native dignity, a conviction of the seriousness of the art of painting has been a great asset to Mr. Hawthorne in building up these summer classes. He is a man who inspires full confidence among his pupils, for the reason that he has no hesitation in showing them how he does it himself.

It is one of the features, indeed, of the week in Provincetown, when Hawthorne gives a demonstration in the presence of fifty or sixty young people, gathered on the beach with some paintable old wharf or

slightly old schooner for a background. A model usually posed as part of the composition represented by some dark-skinned native of the Azores whose color this artist has always liked. Townspeople and strangers often join the throng without the necessity of invitation and watch with interest the *modus operandi* of this master of the modern school of painting.

He plies his brush in the bright sunlight, without the conventional white umbrella, and often without even a hat to shade his eyes. He starts his work from a clear white canvas on which he cunningly outlines the principal contours of his composition. Some of the most brilliant and striking colors are first indicated; passages of clear yellow white in the sand, an area of strong purple on the tufts of beach grass, green or lavender on the model's hat or parasol, a cool white shirtwaist tintured with pale violet. The other more neutral values are then deftly applied with a surprising rapidity, each in relation to all the others, until after an hour

of work the artist suddenly calls a halt, and the students gather around the easel wondering how so much work can be accomplished in so short a time.

A studio demonstration for the benefit of the class is also a frequent variant of the outdoor work. This may be either from a model or from still life, in which latter Mr. Hawthorne has a special extra sense for color. In the painting of a fish, the sides and scales and its reflections on the metallic surface of the pan, he discovers more subtle and beautiful tones than anyone but an eye-witness of the painting process could believe existed.

Among other artists of national reputation, who have classes in this quaint old town, are George Elmer Brown and Max Bohm, and among the many of equal note, who have their own private studios, may be mentioned John Noble, William Zorach, Gerrit A. Beneker, W. H. Bicknell, Ross E. Moffett and Tod Lindenmuth.

There are many other art schools and

special classes that have sprung up of late years at Provincetown. E. Ambrose Webster, of the impressionists, has a large and steadily increasing patronage—next to Hawthorne he probably has the largest representation.

Then there are others—the young “modernist,” with soulful eyes, who is working out a post-impressionist pattern. “I am not trying to paint a picture of Provincetown houses,” he explains, “I am giving expression to a dark gray mood.”

Well you can learn to do that kind of thing, too, if you wish. All along the waterfront are “schools of art,” some of them devoted to the most academic and formal teaching, others of present-day New York, wild and woolly.

The queer “isms” that have been abundant in this country ever since the invasion of Italian futurists and French cubists a few years ago, are all plentifully represented to the composite university of the arts along the harbor front.

Affairs at Washington

Continued from page 106

predictions of engineers that it could not be built, entailing a tremendous outlay, and necessitating the passage through the Arizona legislature of a bill perfecting the toll road lease to the Trail.

Arizona is proud of Senator Cameron, her adopted son, and he is proud of her. He is a power in the state, as he was in the territory, and quite resigned apparently that his California trip was permanently interrupted.



Photo by
Harris & Ewing

HON. FRANK W. MONDELL

THERE are not many men in Congress who rose to their present state from such humble beginnings as has Frank W. Mondell, Republican floor leader of the House of Representatives. Neither are there many in that august assemblage who worked so hard and so persistently in their younger days to get a foothold on the lowest rung of the ladder of success.

Left an orphan at an early age, young Mondell was taken into the family of an Iowa farmer-clergyman, where he lived until he was eighteen years old, working on the farm in summer and getting a little schooling in the winter months, supplemented by tutoring by his guardian in the intervals between his absence on the preaching circuit.

Fortified by the teachings of the good parson, the allurements of city life after his landing in Chicago on a cattle car failed to divert young Mondell from the straight and narrow pathway toward his eventual goal. With two dollars cash capital and unlimited credit in the bank of Hope, Energy and Persistence, he set about wrestling an existence from the world by way of the hardest kind of crude, unskilled labor, progressing within a few months time from the back-breaking job of loading and unloading heavy bars of iron and steel, to the effete position of boss mule driver for a railway contractor. Doubtless the experience gained in the latter employment has proved a substantial asset in his present position.

In course of time the young Congressman-to-be climbed by his own efforts to the position of superintendent of a railroad construction gang during the time of the great expansion of railway systems of the Rockies and prairies of the southwest.

Eventually he went prospecting in the oil and coal lands in Wyoming for his employers, and founded the town of Newcastle where he located coal, became its first mayor and has made it his home ever since. In its early days a typical western “boom” town, age and experience has sobered and chastened it to a fitting dwelling place for even a man so much in the public eye as Mr. Mondell has been for a number of years.

When Wyoming was admitted to statehood he was elected to the State Senate. From that point it was but a natural sequence of events, aided by his indefatigable energy, that took him to Congress in 1894, where he has remained ever since with the exception of two years following his first term.

He long ago acquired the reputation of being one of the ablest members of his party in the House, and his elevation to the position of floor leader marked another inevitable stage of his long, hard climb from obscure beginnings.

*"A chiel's among ye takin' notes,
And, faith, he'll prent it."*

Knight of Note Book and Pencil

B. C. Forbes is the world's interviewer de luxe. Grim-visaged captains of industry and cold-blooded financiers talk unreservedly before this small, black-eyed man with the Scotch burr on his tongue—because his absolute honesty and fairness have gained their fullest confidence

SEARCH all history and you will not find in the chronicles of any nation the records of personal achievement reflected in the history of the United States. There is not only a vision of the thousands of young American-born boys grasping opportunities and stepping up the ladder of fame and fortune, but the millions of foreign-born young men who have made the most of themselves in the opportunities afforded in America.

A striking example of what young men can do is revealed in the story of B. C. Forbes. It is not in the exhaustive examinations of encyclopedias that you find the real flash of biographies. At a luncheon table, during the space of one meal and in the interchange of a very modest conversation in which I at least had fifty per cent, the biography of B. C. Forbes was unfolded. There is a simplicity, modesty, and piquant charm in that little Scottish burr.

He was the son of a country storekeeper and tailor in Aberdeenshire, and was the sixth child in a family of ten. Those were the days when porridge was popular. The first lesson that came to this young Scottish lad in kilts was that if he was to eat he must work. During school vacations and Saturdays he followed in the footsteps of Abraham of old and herded the flocks. This in no way interfered with gathering in the turnips at six in the morning. But those were the days when the little black-eyed Scotch lad had an ambition to be a foreman of a farm. He was always ready for the job right ahead of him, and determined, if possible, that he would not be a second man, but be a foreman.

One of B. C. Forbes' first jobs was shining shoes, and he walked miles through the darkness of early morning to get a job of shining twenty pairs of shoes. He may be accredited with establishing the first wholesale shoe-shining business. After this he polished forks and knives, following the advice of Sir Joseph Porter. He soon learned how to polish two knives at a time, and make two blades shine where only one shone before. Think of it! He received the exhilarating sum of \$2.50 for keeping the shoes and blades shining for three months.

Naturally, a boy with this facility had a little devilment in him, so we talked over the school pranks. Of course, there must be energy within to do mischievous things, but these he soon outgrew.

He had made up his mind early in life to be a reporter, so he began teaching himself shorthand. At the age of fourteen he was taking down the sermons of the little minister in the village kirk. He had no difficulty in remembering the text. The kindly, patient mother used to sit up to dictate to him at night. On the very day



ONE of the most conspicuous successes in one of the most over-crowded and keenly competitive professions—journalism—is the case of B. C. Forbes from the type case of a little weekly paper in a small town in Scotland to the editorial desk of the leading business daily paper in America, and from that to the proprietorship of a popular and successful magazine

he was fourteen he celebrated by leaving school and starting work on a weekly paper published in a small town fifteen miles away.

Real apprenticeships were served in Scotland. His apprenticeship covered seven years, starting at seventy-five cents a week. He was mortified to discover, after he had made his contract, that his job was to stand in front of a case and set type day by day

and year after year. That and nothing else. But here's where the real philosophy of his life presented itself, for he said to himself, "I will make them want to make me a reporter, and where there's the demand there's a way out."

At night he was attending classes, where he succeeded in winning a prize for shorthand. It was soon that his shorthand was

the means of a short cut to success. The proprietor wanted to have a speech taken verbatim—and young Forbes was the man who could “make the tracks”—via the Pitman route.

In his boarding house he rubbed shoulders with the street vendors, sailors, longshoremen, and here it was that the old Scotch proverb stands out like a beacon light on the rocky shores of Treasure Island—“Honor and honesty endures.” When I looked at Forbes and thought of the adventures he experienced in South Africa, his struggles, and his wonderful success in winning the confidence of big men, I understood why he was so simple and clear—it was the same brains that had worked so intensely mastering all the curves and angles of shorthand, and in the transcribing he not only recorded, but absorbed.

He kept right on every job given to him, and he tried to do it better than the other man. A change in ownership abrogated his seven-year apprenticeship contract, and he sought less mechanical employment. He started for Perth, his surplus a precious shilling given him by his mother. Here he started on another career at \$2.50 per week. Beginning life in a garret of a tenement house that had a sloping roof, and in a room in which he could scarcely stand, he made the best of what might have been heart-breaking circumstances. He had to dine in the kitchen, had to start work at nine in the morning, and did not finish as a rule until midnight. But these were the days he was learning things, scurrying over the city, meeting and mingling with “the madding crowd.” He had good legs as well as good brains. Here he wrote his first fiction.

His clear handwriting made an impression upon the chief-sub-editor, whose eyesight was poor, and his manuscript was welcome. A railroad wreck gave him an opportunity to cover the catastrophe for London papers, and the thrifty old Edinburgh Scotsman paid him handsomely for his report.

It is the old story of doing just a little more than is expected. His cheerful spirit in volunteering to act as stenographer for the editor-in-chief after his own editorial work had been finished saved many a bright idea from falling into “things forgotten.” He began accumulating ideas, but in the meantime fell in love. She lived far away and married another fellow, and, like Bobby Burns, he started to go abroad, and chose far-off South Africa, then in the throes of the Boer War. Bobby Burns was called back before he went aboard the ship, but Forbes sailed for South Africa, and began work in Cape Colony and later at Johannesburg under Edgar Wallace, who was just starting a newspaper there. When word was received of the passing of General Hector Macdonald, the hero of the Boer War, B. C. Forbes was commissioned to write an article on him, which received the highest praise and commendation.

In South Africa, where most of the world's gold comes from, he proved a twenty-four-carat reporter and financial writer. He reported the first British Parliament opened in the Transvaal.

Here, as in Scotland, he gained the impression that New York had the reputation of having the smartest newspaper men in the world, so he said “that's the place for

hard knocks,” and he landed in New York. He solicited his first job while carrying a cane, but he soon gave that up, and began his work through the kindly interest of a Scotsman on the *Journal of Commerce*, the leading business daily in America.

He didn't know Wall Street from the Bowery, but he volunteered to work for nothing until he could prove what he was worth. His first week's salary was \$15. He was assigned to the dry goods market, and if there was anything he despised it was dry goods, but with the Scotsman's love of the plaid, he began writing on raw silk, woolen goods, and so forth, interviewed the buyers, published real facts. Here was where he upraised the shining banner of “honor and honesty endures.” He kept track of the buyers from the East and buyers from the West. Six months after landing in New York he received a letter from the South African paper asking him to become their “London correspondent,” but he had caught the inspiration of an American career, so he kept on with the *Journal of Commerce*, now as its financial editor, supplementing his regular work with a daily column of notes, headed “Fact and Comment.”

It was this humanizing of the cold financial facts that brought him to the attention of a Standard Oil magnate, who chatted with him familiarly before the fire, after the rush of the market day. He began then to study the A. B. C. of economics and realized that financial articles were of as much interest to the wage earner as to the executive. Here was the beginning of the *Forbes Magazine*, which has already established itself in the forefront of American publications of its class, and is one of the strongest individualist-edited magazines in the country.

His keen sense of news ever prevailed. When he learned that Charles M. Schwab had witnessed the sinking of the British superdreadnaught *Audacious*, off the coast of Ireland, he succeeded in obtaining the story and the photograph for publication. He began writing about men and affairs, without dealing in flattery, but getting at the real philosophy of their lives. He got inside of their nature. He is patient like an artist painting a picture. He blends the color here and there until he catches the spirit of the subject.

He was one stenographer who early caught the flash of the many minds with which he came in contact. Then when he went out into the world meeting and mingling with big men, he seemed to know how to tune up to their thought and catch the pace of their mental processes. Through it all shines one sterling idealism.

He is an ardent enthusiast for justness and fairness. He studies people as he mingles among them and believes in rewarding merit. He made the financial page of the *New York American* and the “Hearst” papers as much sought as the sport page, and has been the magnet attracting real advertisers and readers for those papers. He is always looking for even harder work. He knows how to crack hard nuts and had got the big-game habit in South Africa. There is no man before whom he is appalled. He realizes that humanity is built pretty much on the same keel. He has had praise

and admiration from papers all over the country, but it does not turn his head.

The reason for Mr. Forbes' success is that he writes the truth. He teaches a lesson in every one of his articles. He tells his readers that success depends on man's steadfastness and ability and honor.

Mr. Forbes has the confidence of every man who knows him well. He thinks on broad, human lines. He familiarizes himself with business methods. He investigates. He is sure of his facts. He aims to inject into business the human element. He is trying to make employers and employees see the wisdom of getting closer together. He is trying to establish a closer tie between them than that which is represented by the pay envelope.

He wants every man and woman to have equal opportunity and to share in the good things of life. He knows that some are weak and some are strong, and that the strong, by their energy and ability and faithfulness to their duties will get more in return for their labor than those who are weak, indifferent workers. But at the same time he wants the weakest to receive a just wage for the best work that they can do.

He tells business men that they must adjust their businesses on a different plan by which the wage earner will get more and the owner less. He thinks that all human beings are created equal and have a right to go through life on a basis that is fair to them all.

He is for the business man as earnestly as he is for the worker—but to the extent only that he shall take for himself a just share of the profits in addition to a just return on the capital invested.

He thinks that labor must get something more than a mere wage. He believes that workers should participate in profits, based on their individual ability as producers.

He has written a book about “Men who are Making America,” which is a valuable contribution to American biographies. He has always had the balance of maturity with the enthusiasm of youth. He does not deal in reminiscences, but utilizes them as data and facts for working out future problems. He knows how to analyze, and has that wonderful, modest, sweet, honest nature that attracts. He has glorified the simple things of life. He knows the value of a dollar and has a horror of seeing anything wasted. The one impressive thing is that he is growing, and growing with his growing family. He loves the home in the New Jersey suburb, where he has a motor car and knows how to dig the garden, not forgetting the glory and joy of toil, physical and mental. He is a companion to his kiddies, as he is a companion to his friends. Every busy hour counts, and he seems to know just where and how to make every minute count.

As a speaker he always has something to say. He speaks at ease and every sentence strikes deep into the minds and hearts of his hearers. Although Scotch-born, with a Scotch accent, he is one of the most ardent Americans I have ever met. He naturally loves the country which contains his home and castle, and which threw open to him the doors of opportunity. He believes that you just have to turn (Continued on page 122)

"Trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay"

Efficiency the Watchdog of Business

James L. Demoville has reduced retail merchandising to an exact science. His Sales Promotion Organization, built up by years of work and study, operates as an insurance against mercantile failures

THE science of retail merchandising as exemplified in American stores has not been a matter of haphazard, undirected growth—neither have American merchants arrived at their present world supremacy by rule-of-thumb methods, guess-work, or pure luck.

Many of the finest functioning minds in America (which is to say in the world) have grappled with the problem of how to make two customers buy where but one bought before, how best to display the goods the retailer has for sale, how best to serve his trade, how, in short, to attain, and maintain, the highest degree of efficiency in the gentle art of charming the dimes and dollars from the customer's pockets to the merchant's till.

Many men have devoted a brilliant intellect and a lifetime of effort to the advancement of this art, but the one name that shines out most brilliantly in the galaxy of fame of drug store merchandising is that of James L. Demoville, originator of the modern system of window display and interior arrangement that have helped to make the American drug stores such prosperous and profitable emporiums of trade. To this man, perhaps more than to any other one individual, the Rexall drug merchants of America are indebted for a large measure of their success.

More than thirty years ago Mr. Demoville graduated from the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy, and became a partner in the Demoville Drug Company in Nashville, Tennessee. In the conduct of that business he took a very limited amount of interest in its ethical side, but from the first began to work out various merchandising plans with great success.

In connection with his drug business, Mr. Demoville operated the Elite Toilet Company, and copyrighted the name "American Beauty" as applied to perfumery. His was the first company to adopt the designation "Crushed Roses and Violet," but not being able to secure copyright protection, this title was afterwards made use of by other perfumers. As a result of one of Mr. Demoville's selling campaigns his drug company sold more perfume in a given time than any other organization of its size had ever done—forty gallons of Carnation Extract and Toilet Water at retail in one month.

During the time this selling campaign was in progress, the store was perfumed two hours in the afternoon each day by the use of an air-compressing machine and atomizers. For a week the principal theatre in the town was perfumed for fifteen or twenty minutes before each performance, and just before the curtain went up the space "back stage" was perfumed, so that when the drop

curtain rose the perfume was wafted out over the audience. The fact that the theatre was being perfumed with Crushed Carnations was, of course, explained in the program.

During Mr. Demoville's business career in Nashville he initiated the formation of the Retail Merchants' Association, of which he was elected president. Up to the time of his departure for Europe this association maintained the reputation of being the liveliest organization in the South—bringing to Nashville numerous noted musical attractions, among them Victor Herbert, and conducting very successful horse shows.

Mr. Demoville was the first man to whom L. K. Liggett outlined his plans for the formation of the United Drug Company, and the first to pledge himself as one of the original forty retail druggists who formed the organization. He was also a member of the committee of five appointed by the investors to handle the preliminary details.

About twenty years ago Mr. Demoville went to Europe, where he remained a little less than five years engaged in private business, during which time he closely observed the growth of the Boots organization—the largest chain of drug stores in the world, since then absorbed by Liggett's International—obtaining many illuminating points of view which have been of great value to him in the work he has since been doing.

Shortly after his return to the United States, about fifteen years ago, he joined the United Drug Company, then in its formative years, and traveled as a specialty man over a large part of the country for six months, after which time he took up the work of placing agencies for that company on the Pacific Coast, being instrumental in the increase of the business in the Coast territory from less than a hundred thousand dollars yearly to something in the neighborhood of two millions.

While on the Coast he had the opportunity of familiarizing himself with the selling methods of the Owl Drug Company, which was the liveliest drug organization in the world, and attended many of its clerks'



JAMES L. DEMOVILLE employs exact scientific formulae in the solution of problems in retail merchandising. The element of chance does not enter into his calculations of volume of sales and percentages of profit. His system of business insurance, developed by years of experience, is built upon a foundation of established averages as immutable as the expectation of life tables upon which the vast edifice of life insurance is founded

meetings in which he frequently participated. His observation of the great success obtained by the Owl Drug Company in their sales campaigns resulted in Mr. Demoville's organization of a small sales promotion company on the Coast, operated at a loss as an individual enterprise for the purpose of experimental development of sales plans and increased efficiency in drug store merchandising.

In the work that Mr. Demoville and his assistants did in the Coast territory, they gave a great deal more thought to getting

the merchandise off the shelves of their customers than putting it on. The wisdom and effectiveness of this policy was shown by the fact that within a few years his organization was selling in that territory per capita double the average of the United States.

After several years devoted to getting his sales promotion plans into successful operation, Mr. Demoville, realizing that they could only be developed to their maximum of results by a centralized organization, trained one of his assistants to the point where he could be installed as manager of the San Francisco Branch, and started across the continent to sell the idea to the United Drug Company.

At Chicago, Mr. Demoville broke the continuity of his journey for the purpose of a conference with Mr. Wheeler Sammons, the business editor of *System*, one of the best posted men in America, who stated that if the ideas could be carried out as completely as Mr. Demoville had outlined them to him, the result would be the most comprehensive sales promotion plan ever worked out by any business organization in the world to help their customers.

He was successful in selling the idea to the United Drug Company to the extent that Mr. Liggett said to him: "Take a year to fully work out your plans, spend all the money necessary, and if at the end of the year you are as enthusiastic as you are today—go ahead with it."

The result of the year's work was the establishment of the sales promotion department of the United Drug Company, of which Mr. Demoville remained the head up to the middle of May of this year. This department in the past two years has sold more than a million and a half dollars' worth of dealer helps which have helped very greatly to introduce and popularize the merchandise made by the company, as well as to raise the efficiency of all the drug stores taking the service.

It is an axiom in the world of trade that seventy-five out of every hundred business enterprises eventually fail. The carefully-worked-out selling plans and business efficiency course originating in the sales promotion department of the United Drug Company under the direction of Mr. Demoville, have operated as an effective insurance against failures among the several thousand drug stores allied with the United Drug Company, making of this interrelated chain of stores covering the entire United States, Canada, and parts of Europe, an illuminative example of the possibilities of modern business when individual initiative is buttressed by expert knowledge of methods and conditions.

A book on Departmental Costs recently written by Mr. Demoville will enable any merchant to very closely estimate the exact cost of operating any department. When

it is realized that some cigar departments enjoying a very large volume of sales are operated at a cost of eight per cent or less, while likely in the same store the cost of operating the prescription department is fifty per cent or more, with all other departments ranging between these two extremes

IT'S a long, long trail from the rude log trading post of the western frontier, with its one crude counter and its rows of shelves against the walls to the modern palace of trade, with its imposing plate glass front and ornate interior—a trail marked with the milestones of progress that define the slow and gradual evolution of the science of retail merchandising.

In those earlier days of the prairie schooner and the pack train, the merchant's chief concern was to keep his shelves stocked with the lines of goods his trade demanded. His customers came to him, selected what they wanted, paid for it in cash or barter and took it away. It was all a very simple and uncomplicated transaction, and eminently satisfactory to both parties concerned. But as the population of the new country increased, the complexities of civilization began to develop. The serpent of competition entered into the Eden of trade, and the merchant began to sense dimly that it was not only necessary to have upon his shelves the lines of goods suited to his trade, but that he must make some added appeal to attract and hold his customers.

The old law of supply and demand no longer functioned automatically. Once it had only been necessary to provide a sufficient supply to meet the demand. Eventually a time came when it was necessary to stimulate a sufficient demand to absorb the available supply.

From this starting point there has been evolved in the United States a highly specialized merchandising system such as no other country in the world has witnessed. Three chief reasons may be assigned for this condition: First, the distinctive "Yankee enterprise" that animates all business undertakings in this country, as compared with the ultra-conservatism of European business methods; second, the intense competitive rivalry for trade expansion naturally engendered in a new and growing country; and, third, the fact that some of the keenest intellects in America have concentrated upon the complex problem of retail merchandising.

James L. Demoville, business builder extraordinary, stands well in the front rank of those men whose brains, initiative and tireless energy have made American business methods a model for world trade.

of costs of operation, the importance of the knowledge that can be gained through the application of the ideas given in this book can readily be seen.

The department stores have, in the past, forged rapidly ahead of most other stores because they have this information and know how to handle their business in the most intelligent manner, while most other stores not having this information either make very much smaller net profits or ultimately fail.

A merchant's profits come largely from sales made over the counter. The volume of counter sales is in direct proportion to the number of possible customers entering the doors. The number of visitors to his store is dependent upon the appeal he presents to them by way of advertisements, window displays, interior displays, service, merchandise, and values offered.

Therefore, his expectation of profits is based upon the efficiency of his business management, plus the effectiveness of the appeal his store presents to prospective customers.

The sales promotion plans worked out by Mr. Demoville and his assistants over a long period of years, calculated as they are to eliminate every element of the personal equation leading to possible mistakes, oversights and undetected leaks, comprise, without doubt, the most comprehensive, effective, and practical course of business efficiency and trade development ever devised and made operable.

All of which leads quite naturally up to Mr. Demoville's response to the call that has been growing ever more and more insistent for him to devote his great abilities as a business builder to the development of wider opportunities for trade expansion than are offered by any one business organization, however large.

In responding to this urgent demand, Mr. Demoville feels that he has been training for the race, that his past achievements, satisfying as they have been, were but preliminaries to the golden promise of successes that beckon from the business horizon.

James L. Demoville has a tireless energy and exhaustless enthusiasm that inspire his associates and assistants with a spirit of emulation, an *esprit du corps* that result in the accomplishment of undertakings that would present insuperable difficulties to an organization not inspired and sustained to concerted effort by the indomitable will and resistless driving force of a splendid personal magnetism.

The world leaders in business, trade, commerce and industry are men endowed with wellsprings of force and faith so unflinching that the mere overflow of their vitality, like the trickle of a desert spring, makes of their immediate vicinity an oasis in the wilderness.

When meeting J. L. Demoville for the first time, one gets the instant impression from the firm, vibrant handshake, the quick, keen, appraising glance and the incisive, quick-spoken greeting, that here indeed is an outstanding personality. It needs no character analyst to determine that here is a leader alert, resourceful, unbeatable, so overflowing with vitality and confidence as to be capable of achieving any goal upon which he sets his mind in the realm of merchandising.



Where Nathan Hale pored o'er his books

The Miniature World Called Yale

Impressions of an undergraduate who has lived both in historic Connecticut Hall, which antedates the United States, and in the Harkness quadrangle, consummation of Gothic architecture

THE warm, full rays of the June morning sun are filtering through the elms on the historic campus of Yale and spotting with restless shadow the musty walls of Connecticut hall, relic of pre-Revolution days. It is the eve of another Commencement.

Old grads, boyish, jovial, carefree, saunter about in groups of two or three. Younger men, too, in baccalaureate gowns, are here and there, but they have less of the levity of their fathers. Dormitory corridors are alive with mothers and sisters, proudly following the guidance of their John, or their William, with the mental reservation that none of the other boys are half so manly as he. There is so much to see, and it is so hard to grasp it all, especially the significance of the wicked-looking green bottles with the peculiar Greek hieroglyphics which adorn the mantel in their boy's study, or the forlorn alarm clock, battered out of shape, hanging above. It is hard to take everything in, but it is all "simply



Historic Connecticut Hall

Down along College Street a dozen class banners—here the tattered emblem of '81, there the jaunty, brilliant numerals of '19, celebrating its first triennial—flutter from the "eating joints," now converted into alumni headquarters.

No man or woman, boy or girl, with the throbbing pulse of a real American, but who has desired to see, sooner or later, the Capitol at Washington, the teeming metropolis of New York, energetic Chicago, queen city of the Middle West, and the glories of the Pacific coast.

But New England lures more than all these, with its historic setting where the seeds of liberty were first sown and nurtured through education. The first institutions of any kind established by the New England fathers were colleges—Harvard and Yale—and the many educational institutions which have followed are fundamental to our republic.

Yale men drink deep at the fount of inspiring tradition. Her sons were the first military body drilled by Washington after he was made commander-in-chief of the Revolutionary forces. New Haven Green, the drill ground of those days, adjoins the campus. And it was a Yale man, Captain Nathan Hale, class of 1773, who was selected for the most difficult mission of the war, and who, when captured as a spy, within the British camp at Long Island, spoke his own memorable epitaph: "My only regret is that I have but one life to give for my country." His statue guards the entrance to Connecticut Hall today.

The city which is Yale's setting abounds in points of interest to the visitor. Its site was purchased in 1638 by a party of Puritans under John Davenport for "12 coats of English cloth, 12 alchemy spoons, 12 hatchets, 12 hoes, 2 dozen knives, 12 porringers and 4 cases of French knives and scissors." The pasture reserved

Continued on page 152

YALE AND THE CITY OF ELMS

Yale—founded 1701 at Branford, moved to Saybrook, and later to New Haven. Named after Governor Elihu Yale of London, who was born in New England, and made several gifts to the founders of the college.

Harkness Memorial Quadrangle—the most beautiful piece of architecture in America. Gothic in style, enclosed by a moat, and divided into quaint little courts. Each entry is named after a prominent Yale man. Two towers, one rivaling the finest of Europe's cathedrals, the other a replica of the church at Wrexham, Yale, where Elihu Yale is buried, rise from opposite sides of the quadrangle. Into the walls are built many historic stones, with their story carved upon them. The cost of this remarkable structure was approximately ten million dollars.

The Bowl—Largest amphitheatre for sports in the world. It seats 86,000 people, and has thirty-two portals for entrance and exit.

Connecticut Hall—Yale's oldest building. Built in 1750 of brick colonial construction.

Nathan Hale Statue—Stands at entrance to Connecticut Hall, in which Captain Hale, class of 1773, and outstanding hero of the Revolutionary War, once had a room.

New Haven Green.—Set aside for a public pasture by John Davenport and his Puritan settlers in 1638. Where General Washington drilled Yale companies immediately after his appointment as commander-in-chief of the Revolutionary forces.

Site of Noah Webster House.—Here Dr. Webster compiled a portion of the dictionary he later gave to America.

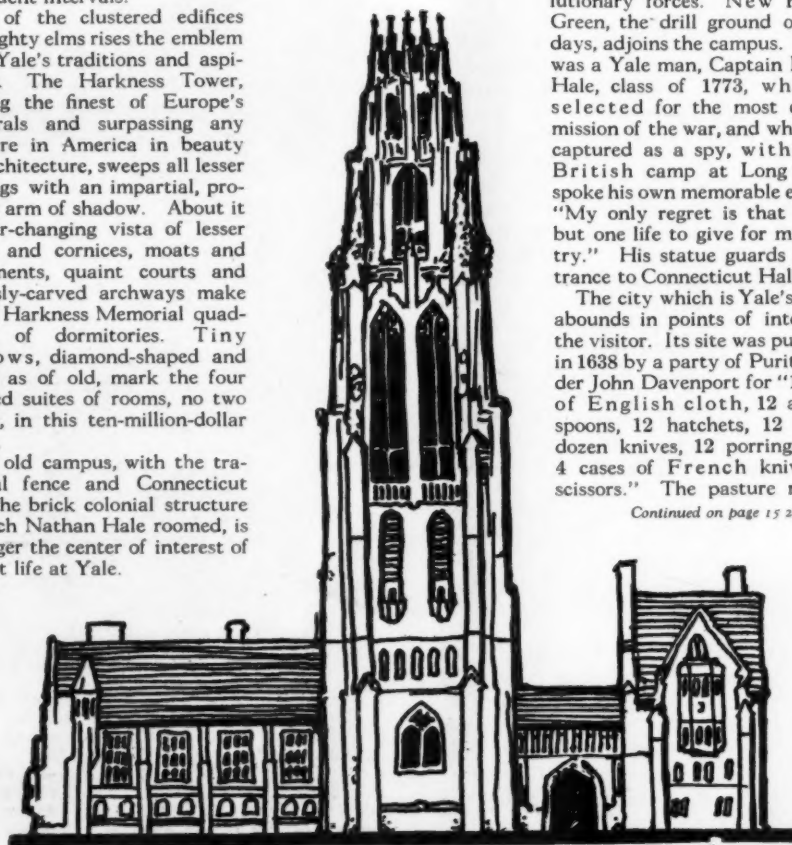
Spot where Benedict Arnold, the traitor, lived.—The house (Benedict Arnold now having joined the enemies of the United States) was forfeited to the state.

West Rock and East Rock.—Remarkable geologic formations of igneous rock rising abruptly for several hundred feet from the plain upon which New Haven is built.

glorious," mother and sister repeat at frequent intervals.

Out of the clustered edifices and mighty elms rises the emblem of all Yale's traditions and aspirations. The Harkness Tower, rivalling the finest of Europe's cathedrals and surpassing any structure in America in beauty and architecture, sweeps all lesser buildings with an impartial, protecting arm of shadow. About it an ever-changing vista of lesser towers and cornices, moats and battlements, quaint courts and curiously-carved archways make up the Harkness Memorial quadrangle of dormitories. Tiny windows, diamond-shaped and leaded as of old, mark the four hundred suites of rooms, no two similar, in this ten-million-dollar edifice.

The old campus, with the traditional fence and Connecticut Hall, the brick colonial structure in which Nathan Hale roomed, is no longer the center of interest of student life at Yale.



Harkness Memorial Tower

"Oh, swiftly glides the bonnie boat"

Building the Greyhounds of the Sea

Among that brave company where glasses clink to "a wet sheet and a flowing sea," for three generations the prestige of "Lawley-built" has endured as the hall-mark of super excellence in yacht construction

GALE-WHIPPED and spray-drenched in the weather shrouds of a rolling schooner, or struggling to mark the course as tempests beat and torrents sweep across bare decks, sailors on the American main have ever furnished romance in the stories of their experiences, unequalled by fiction. There is a thrill to the life at sea which grips equally the red-blooded American youth and his more staid, but just as enthusiastic father. The tang of sea-salt inoculates with a serum that needs no renewal.

Every American boy has thrilled at the tales of the lightning clipper ships which sped from crest to crest in the waters of our eastern coast in the early wars of the United States, taunting Britain to prove its boast of being "ruler of the seas." In the days when these elusive clippers were at their height, George Lawley, a builder of boats himself, emigrated from England with his family, to seek wider opportunity in the wonderland of the west—America.

For generations his family had been boat builders. His knowledge of the methods of ship construction then in vogue was perfect; he dreamed boats and loved them—their beautiful lines, their fleetness, the freedom they gave to men otherwise imprisoned by the limitations of existence entirely on land. His touch in the construction of a boat was that of the sculptor, or the painter in oils. Each vessel was an artistic creation, for there were no drafts or blue prints, and builders of boats, following in a rough way models already complete, wove some of their own personality into each new ship.

When Lawley arrived in America it was 1851, the very year, curiously enough, when the yacht *America* wrested Queen Victoria's cup from her English rival in the first of what has proved to be the most remarkable series of international sport contests. It seemed a far step from this international contest with its galaxy of royalty as on-lookers, to the ambitious young boat builder seeking a job in the yards about Boston, but it was scarcely thirty years later that Lawley and his son built two of the most famous cup defenders, the *Puritan* and the *Mayflower*, vessels which added enormously to the prestige of the United States in the yachting world.

Today the most marvelous labyrinth of modern industry, with twenty complete trades in simultaneous operation, is represented by the Lawley works at Neponset. At this beehive of boat building are over five hundred expert workmen, some of them with a record of thirty years or more of continuous service.

In a single group of buildings is a complete machine shop, brass foundry, planing mill,



GEORGE LAWLEY, who in 1851 sought work in the shipbuilding yards in Boston. He had emigrated from England the very year that the "*America*" won the first international yacht race. Thirty years later he built the yacht which successfully defended that cup against her English rival. He was the first of four generations of master boat builders in America. Compare the "*Ellen M.*" above, built in 1869, and still in commission, with the "*Guinevere*," on opposite page

boiler shop, carpenter room, *ad infinitum*. There are plumbers who fit each boat completely with lavatory conveniences built right at the yards; there are painters, wood carvers, tailors who work in the sail loft, joiners, traction men for moving boats in and out of the dry docks, welders, cabinet makers, and many others. The Lawley organization does not merely assemble boats, but actually develops from raw material every thing from the towering masts and weighty keel to the most daintily polished boudoir table in the state room.

The complexity of the organization joined in a single entity for the maintenance of Lawley supremacy in the yacht building world draws technical classes from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and Harvard at frequent intervals.

Here in the lumber room alone over one hundred thousand dollars' worth of the rarest teakwood, mahogany, and yellow pine is carried continuously.

The United States Navy became a Lawley customer in 1901. Two of the earliest torpedo boats, the *Blakely* and the *De Long*, were launched from the yards in that year.

The world-heralded achievement of the NC-4, first heavier-than-air machine to fly from America to Europe, added to the Lawley reputation for dependability and thoroughness of construction. The hull of that airship was built by the Lawleys.

During the World War a stupendous record was made. Twenty complete submarine chasers, each one hundred and ten feet long, and two hundred flying boat hulls, were constructed.

George Lawley found his first job in America with the firm of Donald McKay and Paul Curtis, shipbuilders in East Boston, and fifteen years of painstaking effort and delicate workmanship prepared him for entering business for himself. With a fellow worker, William Maybury, he opened yards at Scituate, near Boston, in 1866. The Civil War was over, initial preparations were being made for another big international race, and yachting was receiving new impetus.

Lawley and his partner at first built only small boats, none over thirty feet long, but the graceful lines and careful workmanship attracted widespread attention. Then in 1874 the yachting boom struck Boston, and the two men were invited to move their yard to a situation beside the Boston Yacht Club. Mr. Lawley's son, George F. Lawley, who had been serving his apprenticeship in the yards and rigging loft, became a member of the firm, and the original partnership was superseded by George Lawley & Son.

The seventies were the days when cutters were the most popular yachts, and the

Lawley cutters, turned out by father and son, rapidly became famous.

The Lawleys were soon crowded for room in their yards beside the Boston Yacht Club, so, in 1883 George F. Lawley, who had become the most active member of the firm, secured a larger site nearby. The new yards at South Boston, which were further increased by the purchase of the old Boston House of Correction property, in 1902, gave almost two million feet of land, and over half as large an area of flats.

Those familiar with boating in the early days will remember the schooner *Harbinger*, built in 1884; the sloop *Nebula*, 1885; the steam yacht *Harold*, 1885; schooner *Sachem*, sloop *Papoose* and schooner *Gundred*, 1887; sloops *Alga*, *Baboon* and *Chiquita*, forty-footers; the schooner *Marguerite*, 1888; the schooner *Merlin*, 1889; the sloops *Camilla*, *Gladys*, *Hawk*, *Mildred* and *Saladin*, all thirty-footers; the forty-foot sloop *Gossoon*, 1890; and the forty-six foot sloops *Barbara*, *Mineola*, *Alborak*, *Savonara* and *Ilderim*, 1891. They were all built at the Lawley yards.

In 1893 steam yachts reached a new pinnacle of popularity, and the Lawleys, following every new phase of maritime development, built several of them, the largest over one hundred feet in length. After that, at least one large steam yacht was constructed every year.

Edward Burgess, the noted designer, had almost every one of his racing yachts built at the Lawley yards, for he recognized Lawley supremacy. It was he who designed the cup contenders *Puritan* and *Mayflower*. They were but two of many record-breaking boats fashioned at the Lawley yards.

The Burgess cup defender *Volunteer* was finished and rigged at Lawley's, and the *Jubilee*, the unsuccessful candidate for cup honors, was built there. Another Lawley boat was the *Independence*, built for Thomas W. Lawson.

About 1900 the construction of large schooners was undertaken, such as the *Endymion*, which took part in the race across the Atlantic for the German emperor's cup ten years later, and the *Latona*. The two-masted auxiliary schooner *Idler*, built in 1901 for Henry T. Sloan, was one of the best known of the larger auxiliaries. The famous *Margaret*, the first *Savonara*, which won the first Bermuda race in 1909, and then established a record for the course, was launched in 1903. In 1905 the two large schooners *Elmina* and *Invader* were built, and the former made a remarkable record in racing. William E. Iselin's *Enchantress* and the *Sea Call* are others.

Power cruisers became popular in 1897, and starting with the *Frolic*, many of these were constructed, including the *Stave Island*, *Glenda*, *Hupa*, *Tonopah*, *Elkhorn*, *Tringa*, *Faahua*, *Shada*, *Christina*, *Savalo*, *Viator*, *Dixie III*, *Monaloea*, *Taniwha*, *Topsy*, *Sea Duck*, *Eronel II*, *Fearless*, and *Mystery*.

Big sailing steam and power yachts were not the only ones constructed at the Lawley yards, however. The *Sally VII*, built in 1903 for the Massachusetts Bay twenty-five-foot restricted class, made perhaps the best record of any of the fast, small racing boats. Owned and sailed by Lawrence S. Percival, she made a wonderful record and proved practically unbeatable.

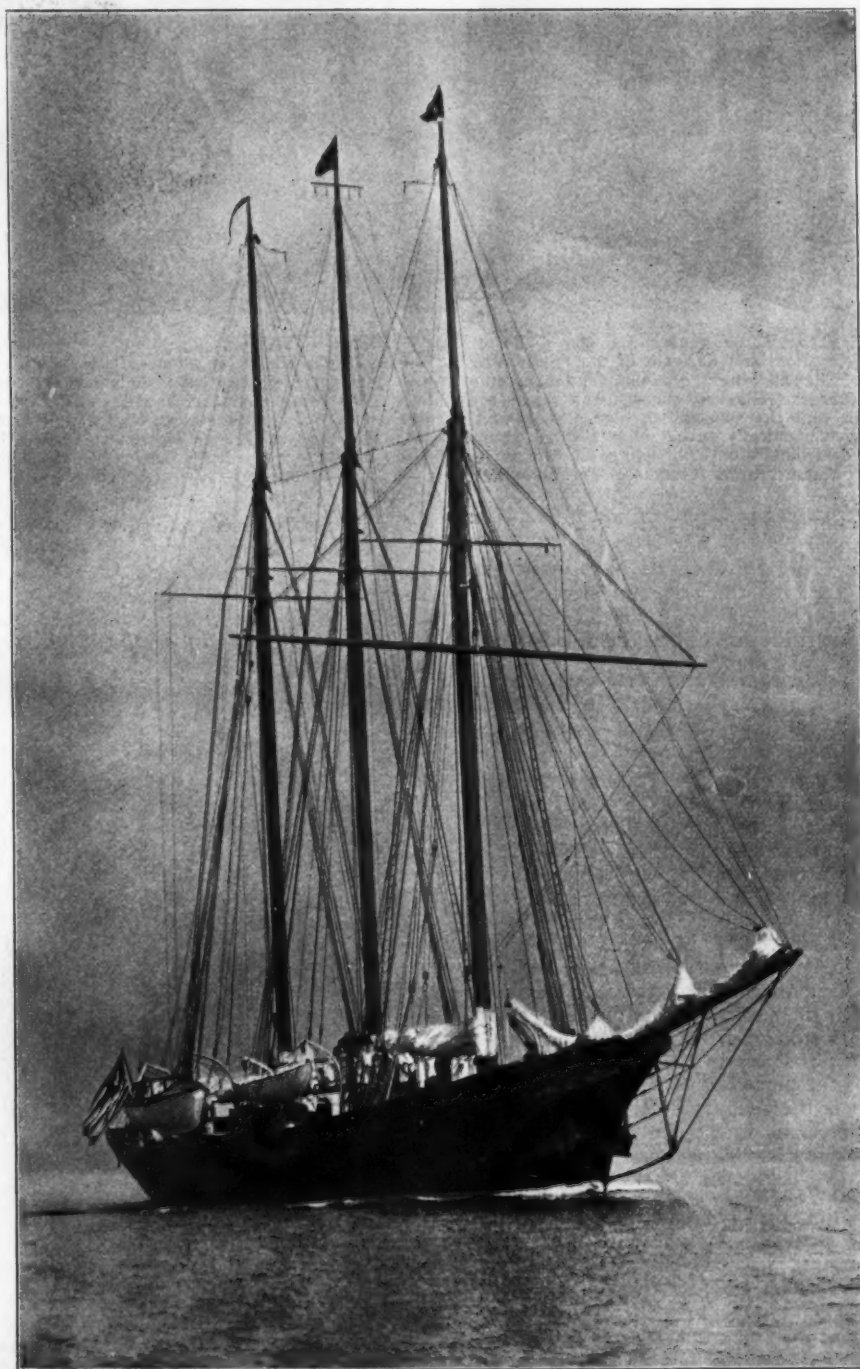
The *Sally VII* was the creation of Fred D. Lawley, the son of George F. Lawley, member of the third generation who had entered the firm. Studies in naval draftsmanship at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology had fitted him to become the principal designer of the firm.

Some of the best known and fastest boats in the history of American yachting have been the product of his conceptions. Besides the *Sally VII* he designed the schooner yacht *Shawna*, owned by Dr. Seth Milliken, and the *Taormina*, owned by William S. Eaton of Boston, the schooners *India*, *Scimitar*, *Sitarah*, *Zarah*, *Zuhrah*, *Valmore*,

Vision, and the steam yachts *Kaleda*, *Incas*, *Valda*, *Anona* and *Halawa*.

Everyone, yachtsman or inland resident, has heard of the bronze sloop *Vanitie*, built for Alexander Cochran of New York, which raced in the cup defender trials against the *Resolute*.

The largest and by far the most noted boat ever constructed by the Lawleys is the steel auxiliary schooner yacht *Guinevere*, for Edgar Palmer of New York. Its fame is world-wide, and it outrivals any yacht afloat in the delicacy of its workmanship, the quality of its woodwork, the spaciousness of its staterooms, the completeness of its rigging,



THE steel auxiliary yacht "Guinevere," owned by Edgar Palmer of New York. Its fame is world-wide. In delicacy of workmanship and luxuriousness of furnishings it stands unrivalled. The "Guinevere" was the first yacht equipped with the Diesel electric drive engines. It is "Lawley-built"



FRED LAWLEY, general manager of the corporation, and designer of the "Sally VII," the "Shawna," the "Taormina," and many other fast boats. His first success was a sail boat built while he was still in high school, which proved practically unbeatable. He took charge of designing after completing studies at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology



GEORGE F. LAWLEY, president of the George Lawley & Son Corporation. His acquaintance with yachtsmen of America is universal, and his fund of yachting yarns inexhaustible. For years he personally supervised the construction of every yacht which passed through his yards. That is the secret of both the quality of Lawley boats and the confidence of yachtsmen in him



GEORGE F. LAWLEY, 2nd, who will finish a course in naval architecture at the University of Michigan next year. His outstanding success in technical study and progressive ideas in the theory of yacht construction indicate the continued supremacy of Lawley yachts. He is the great-grandson of the founder, and has made original designs.

its commodious quarters and luxurious furnishings.

The *Guinevere* was the first yacht ever equipped with the powerful electric drive Diesel engines—another record. Hours of inspection are necessary before half the beauty and completeness of the *Guinevere's* fittings can be appreciated. Its original was the *Visitor II*, built in 1907 for Harry Brown, but not containing electric drive motor power.

The figurehead of this yacht forms a tiger, limbs stretched taut as it races forward, emblematic both of Mr. Palmer's days at Princeton and the fleetness of the ship.

In 1890 the firm name was changed to the George Lawley & Son Corporation.

Due to a still greater increase in the demand for yachts, the yards were moved from South Boston in 1910, where they had stood for more than fifty years, to Neponset. Here on the site where the Neponset River joins Boston harbor, Lawley boats have been built since that time.

It is the personality of George F. Lawley which is the real basis for the continuous growth of the Lawley concern. Always a sailor himself, his universal acquaintance with the yachtsmen of America and inexhaustible stock of stories about yachting has made him the center of groups of enthusiastic listeners everywhere. For years he personally supervised the construction of every yacht which passed through his yard. It gave him the full confidence of every yachtsman.

Besides being a member of the Society of Mechanical Engineers, a director of the National Association of Boat and Engine Manufacturers, and Chairman of its Legis-

lative Committee, his interests outside of the boat building trade are legion. He is a member of the Manufacturers Association of National Metal Trades, the Foundrymen's Association, Boston Chamber of Commerce, one of the directors of the South Boston Savings Bank, and a Mason.

At the Marblehead Yacht Club recently



ALBERT E. ELDRIDGE, prominent for a number of years in boating circles, treasurer of the corporation. He designed the Mason marine engine. During the war he was commissioned by Franklin D. Roosevelt to direct construction of mine sweepers at New York

he spoke to the younger yacht enthusiasts. His yachting yarns and stories of the yachts he had built for the fathers of many of those present, held the closest attention of his audience.

Years before Charles Francis Adams, 2nd, now acknowledged to be one of the best amateur sailors in the country, had piloted the *Resolute* to victory over the *Vanitie* in America's cup trials and defended the cup against Sir Thomas Lipton's *Shamrock*, George F. Lawley had supervised the construction of a boat for his father.

While Fred Lawley was still a high school boy he began to show the same marked aptitude for boat construction displayed by the two elder Lawleys. During one of the summers of his high school course he constructed a sail boat from his own design, which proved to be a great success, and in nearly all of the races he entered that summer his boat was victorious.

After his studies at the Institute of Technology were completed, he took charge of designing at the Lawley Yards. It was during this time that he drew the plans for the *Sally VII*, the *Shawna*, the *Taormina*, and many other fast vessels. In recent years he has assumed the general management of the Lawley Corporation, and all production is now under his personal direction. Yachtsmen know him as they do his father, and boats piloted by him have visited many of the yacht clubs along the eastern coast.

He has been for a number of years a member of the Society of Naval Architects.

The fourth generation of the Lawley family to become active in the affairs of the corporation is George F. Lawley, 2nd, who

A gift of the bleak Arctics utilized for all

Why *we* Don't Live on Salt Meat

Seventy-five years ago Darius Eddy wrought into a concrete article what had been merely a vague popular idea. He built the first refrigerator for the father of Henry Cabot Lodge. Today the "Eddy" is universally known as the father of refrigerators

WHEN you sit down after a long, hot August day and partake of a refreshing salad, a glass of iced milk, some dainty bread and butter sandwiches, a dish of berries, and perhaps a lamb chop or two, do you realize who made possible to the city dweller the use of dairy and meat products during the torrid days when the temperature would ordinarily make them unfit for food in a few minutes?

How many housewives know the story of the young Boston carpenter and odd-job man, who hit upon the idea of refrigeration and made the use of foodstuffs on the modern table a possibility?

It is startling to consider that without modern refrigeration our average meal on the hot summer days might consist of bread, potatoes, and sardines or smoked meat. Even the transportation of fresh fruits and vegetables depends upon the refrigerating principle.

Seventy-five years ago, fifteen years before the Civil War began, Darius Eddy, who was stage carpenter at the old Boston Theatre, and did odd jobs of carpentering in the Beacon Hill section near the down-town district of today, completed the first refrigerator the world had ever seen.

Eddy used to add to the stipend he received from building props and settings at the theatre by doing occasional odd jobs for his acquaintances.

One day Mr. John Lodge, father of Henry Cabot Lodge, asked the young carpenter if there was not some way that could be devised so that food products could be kept and used during the hot summer months. Mr. Lodge was the prominent East India trader of Boston. What meat his ships carried on their long voyages could be easily preserved by hanging it in containers over the side of the ship. He wondered if that principle could not be applied in some manner to preserving foodstuffs at home, as well as on an ocean vessel.

The only other means was the cold closet, a cellar room partitioned off from the main floor, and having an outside window. The cold closets are still found in many of the older Boston residences.

Eddy set to work. He had an idea that if the conditions in the cold closet could be duplicated and the cold air kept inside a container, favorable conditions ought to prevail. He put his heart and soul into the work and experimented for days and weeks until he conceived the idea of an air-tight box which could be cooled with ice and would

maintain a steady temperature after it reached a certain degree. He worked with zeal and enthusiasm and conscience, for he knew that a man's work is his medium of self-expression. He felt, too, that here was a chance to better his position as a stage



DARIUS EDDY, inventor of the refrigerator and founder of the Eddy corporation which is today managed by two grandsons, George F. and John L., Jr. A good many people, back in 1851, had the idea that some sort of a refrigerator might be built. But the idea wasn't all that was necessary. It required hard work, deep thought, and inventive genius. These qualities Darius Eddy furnished. Soon he gave up his job as stage carpenter at a Boston theatre to build refrigerators for everybody. City dwellers today owe him an inestimable debt of gratitude.

carpenter and perhaps an opportunity to enter a broader and more profitable field.

When the air-tight box was finished he showed it to Mr. Lodge, and it was put to the practical test. The results were remarkable, and so far ahead of what Mr. Lodge had expected that he got the young carpenter to make similar boxes for his friends. Then Mr. Eddy decided he would make refrigerators for everybody. Mr. Lodge wouldn't do without one. Mr. Lodge's friends were enthusiastic about them, too. Why wouldn't the general public buy them, he reasoned.

The business began to thrive, and soon Mr. Eddy was a fully established proprietor

with two or three men in his employ. He named his son J. Lodge Eddy as a tribute to the man who had opened the door of broader opportunity to him and who, in a great measure, made it possible for him to be more than a mere theatre employee.

He solved the problem of making a thoroughly satisfactory refrigerator. Then he sought to build the most durable product possible. He studied durability as a man would seek to solve a problem in calculus. He found that the shell and adobe houses of the Indians in Florida and California had withstood the effects of changing weather for centuries. But adobe was not a suitable material for refrigerators. He learned that the Fairbanks house at Dedham, Massachusetts, built in 1636, was reputed to be the oldest house in America. It was well through its third century in age, and in almost perfect preservation. It was built of white pine. So Mr. Eddy determined that white pine would be used in his refrigerators, and it is of this wood that Eddy refrigerators are and always have been made.

Then along came the Civil War. Panics and business depression was general and severe. When the war clouds had cleared away Mr. Eddy was struggling tenaciously to continue his business, which had become dangerously weakened. His son, who had been an officer in the war, returned. He had saved the greater part of his pay, and this he invested in the company, as well as joining it in person. The two men gave all their energy to the business, and the Eddy Refrigerator Manufacturing Company received an enormous impetus.

They found that there was more of a science in refrigerator construction than the average person would ever imagine. The doors were raised an inch or more above the inside floors. Why? Merely because the cold air, sinking to the bottom, would otherwise escape each time the doors were opened, thus making additional melting of ice necessary to bring the temperature back to the original. Dampness was found to be the first cause of decay and mould. There had to be dry air in constant circulation to maintain food properly. Then there was the question of eradicating odors and cracks where germs might lodge. Each of these problems Mr. Eddy and his sons took up in turn. Making refrigerators seemed a vital part of their lives, since the original model was built for the father of Senator Lodge.

Eddy Refrigerators were just beginning

to branch out into the national field when the factory was burned in 1872. But the fire was as much good fortune as the reverse, for it occurred just before the big Boston fire, and Mr. Eddy secured his insurance immediately, while hundreds of other firms were ruined by the bankruptcy of insurance companies following the great Boston conflagration. The present factory, built at that time, is now over fifty years old. It is equipped with every facility for drying lumber, for sawing, planing and turning, and for fitting and assembling the refrigerators ready for the market. Four large storehouses nearby are stocked with lumber and raw materials, as well as the manufactured product.

There was a time when New England was the real center of the furniture industry in America. The Eddy Company grew rapidly with the rest. Then the industry began to slip away to the west and northwest, which has now assumed pre-eminence in this field. But there was no decline in the manufacture of Eddy refrigerators. A sane, healthy, continuous growth has culminated, this year being the largest in volume of business in its history of seventy-five years. Such a remarkable record makes the anniversary all the more notable.

The best and the best only was Mr. Eddy's ideal and his motto. It was on this basis

NATURE'S REFRIGERATOR—THE ONLY ONE THAT PRECEDED THE "EDDY"

Homer, immortal poet and geographer of the ancient world tells us that the Phoenicians of Tyre and Sidon first explored the wilds of the Arctic. To these brave ancient mariners in their frail little barques, the ice-bound coasts of northern Siberia seemed the threshold of the infernal regions. They marvelled at the "wandering rocks" of the sea, which we now call icebergs.

Centuries later a group of explorers on the river Lena in northern Siberia unearthed the perfectly-preserved carcass of an immense mastodon. It had long, woolly hair and its flesh was intact—so good, in fact, that the dogs in the party relished it as food.

The little band of explorers, packing the ice, saw no vital principle in the sapphire and ultramarine luster of the ice banks.

Darius Eddy did see that principle. The industrial revolution had made it necessary for men to live in crowded cities. Food had to be transported from afar and preserved for days.

The tiny Phoenician boats carried civilized man to the frigid zone. Darius Eddy, applying seventy-five years ago the lesson of refrigeration taught by the ice graves of another geologic age, brought the advantages of the bleak Arctic wastes back to civilized man. He built the first refrigerator.

That is why salt meat, for instance, is today a makeshift and not a necessity as an article of every day diet.

that the business was founded, and it was this point he emphasized to each of his sons when they entered the business.

The domination of the Eddy harks back to the care with which the first models were constructed. Darius Eddy carefully selected his helpers. Since then there has been consistent effort to maintain a force of expert carpenters, and in the factory today are men who are actual artists. For there is real art in refrigerator construction, as there is in the making of music cabinets. Here is beauty and durability combined with a peculiar service function. Each model has its own scientific problems and its own requirements in the assembly process.

The need of a refrigerator by the bride differs from that of the large family and the restaurant. Each has been filled by constant experimentation in new designs.

Darius Eddy remained the active head of the establishment up to the time of his death, in 1893. Five of his six sons had already been members of the firm, and since that time three grandsons have also entered the concern. George F. Eddy and John L. Eddy, Jr., are the present active heads of the corporation.

Following in the footsteps of the inventor, they have maintained the idea of quality uppermost, a characteristic that marks the Eddy as superior today.

Building the Greyhounds of the Sea

Continued from page 116

will finish his course in naval architecture at the University of Michigan next year. He received his pre-university schooling at the Quincy High School and Staunton Military Academy at Staunton, Virginia.

His position among the most proficient in technical study at Michigan indicates that when he becomes active in the designing of Lawley-built yachts he will meet with the same outstanding success as those before him. In his preliminary designing during the summer vacation periods he has revealed many novel and progressive ideas regarding the theory of yacht construction, and the possibility of securing greater speed, grace, and ease of handling without the sacrifice of the dependability that has always characterized Lawley boats.

In 1917 Albert E. Eldredge, who is a member of the Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers, the Society of Automotive Engineers, and also a member of the New York Yacht Club, became a director and treasurer, succeeding Thomas Hibbard, who had acted in that capacity since the incorporation in 1890.

Mr. Eldredge had been a Cape Cod boy and came of a seafaring family. He had often heard the tales of the Lawley-built cup defenders *Puritan* and *Mayflower*, and longed to see the yards where they were fashioned. When he secured work in Boston he got the opportunity to watch the workmen at the Lawley plant assemble, with delicate touch, many famous racing yachts,

and finish them so artistically that the woodwork felt like smooth, cool, human flesh, and it seemed that actual pulsating life had been breathed into these creations. In 1896 he was offered a position with the Gas Engine and Power Company at Morris Heights, New York. After several years he organized the Milton Point Shipyard at Rye, New York. He then became the representative of several marine engine companies in the east, but resigned this work to become general manager of the marine engine department of the Mason Machine Works at Taunton, Massachusetts. The Mason marine engine, which the company manufactured, was his own design.

In the early days of the war Mr. Eldredge offered his services to Franklin D. Roosevelt, and was asked to take charge of the construction of mine sweepers at New York. After he completed his work on these big sea-going tugs, he joined the Lawley concern.

There is something about a Lawley yacht which makes it a supreme achievement.

Partly this is due to the wonderful facilities of the Lawley organization, an outgrowth of many years of boat building.

Partly it is due to the expert workmen, who year after year have built their dreams into Lawley yachts and taken intense pride in each boat.

Partly it is due to the care taken in draftsmanship, for a beautiful boat is always preceded by an accurate plan.

Partly it is due to the out-of-the-ordinary

precaution—unique, in fact, at the Lawley yards—that each completed boat shall be the exact embodiment of the blue print. The uninitiated might think that this would always be the case, but, in fact, it seldom is. When the skeleton of a ship is put in place, and the planking on, there is sagging or buckling at some point due to weight pressures. This mis-alignment, however slight, is a deviation from the plans and is likely to cause loss of speed or stability. Lawley yachts, up to sixty feet, are built upside down to minimize these errors, and continual scientific experiments disclose what allowance should be made, be it only a minute fraction of an inch, so that the yacht when placed in the water will be a mathematically exact replica of the designer's idea.

More than anything else, however, the supremacy of Lawley yachts is the outcome of years of effort to live up to the resolve of George Lawley when he entered the business in 1866, that he would build the best yachts that could be built, measuring his service to the yachting world in terms of the quality of his product.

Fifty-six years have elapsed since George Lawley signed a contract for building his first yacht. His pride in his product, energizing the Lawley organization from that day to the present, has given the phrase "Lawley-built" in the yachting world the same significance as the word "diamond" in the family of jewels.

Continued on page 122

"... when Art is too precise in every part"

Ultra-Art—Wheelock's Cubist-Conceptions

Warren Wheelock affiliates with the Independent School of Art. He is a modern of the modernist, who is starting shortly to paint his way around the world

By LORA LEE

A LITTLE group about Warren Wheelock's exhibition at the Independent Artists' show atop the Waldorf were trying to decide why he had painted in trees and a hillside for his background to the Lincoln head, contrary to the usual splotch and splash. Finally a young reporter from one of the papers gave it up and exclaimed: "What's he trying to do—alibi Booth?" Then they moved on to his next picture. It was catalogued as "Christ with the Children."

One woman spectator waxed enthusiastic over his daring conception of Christ pictured as a young man with a modish mustache, beardless, and in flowing robes of yellow, with children pink with both admiration and garments at his feet as rapt listeners. They were grouped in excellent continuity, giving the center figure of Christ easy prominence over the rest. She looked up the artist's address in the back of her catalog and declared her intentions of writing him for a photograph of the painting.

A few days later I went down into Greenwich Village to see Warren Wheelock, and told him about this. He showed me the letter. It read:

Orange, N. J.

Dear Sir,—

Have you any reproductions of your picture, "Christ with Children," which is in the Independent Show? Unfortunately I cannot afford to buy it, even if it is for sale, and I hate to think that I can never see it again. If you have photographs of it, will you please let me know if I may buy one, and what the price is?

I am sorry to bother and would not if I did not like the picture so much.

Yours truly,
M— P—

"Do you know," he said, "it's just such a thing as this that makes me ambitious to some day have enough money so that I can afford to say to a friend who sincerely appreciates my work enough to want to take it home with him: 'Sure—you can have it.'"

"Tell me more," I demanded, and looked around for some place to sit down. Well, this studio is about the most workable and haphazard I have ever been in. Little cans of paints, tubes of every coloring under the sun, mahl sticks, canvas, and what-not littered on mantel, chairs, couch and table!

"Over here," he suggested, and led the way to the window where one chair was very nearly free, except for a discarded smock and a couple of paint brushes.

Some people, unacquainted with the actual labor attached to productions of art, visualize the artist painting with the delicacy of an angel perched on the silver lining of a cloud, tickling the strings of a golden harp. For the benefit of these idealists, and out of justice to a real hard-working artist in Greenwich Village, let it be said of Warren

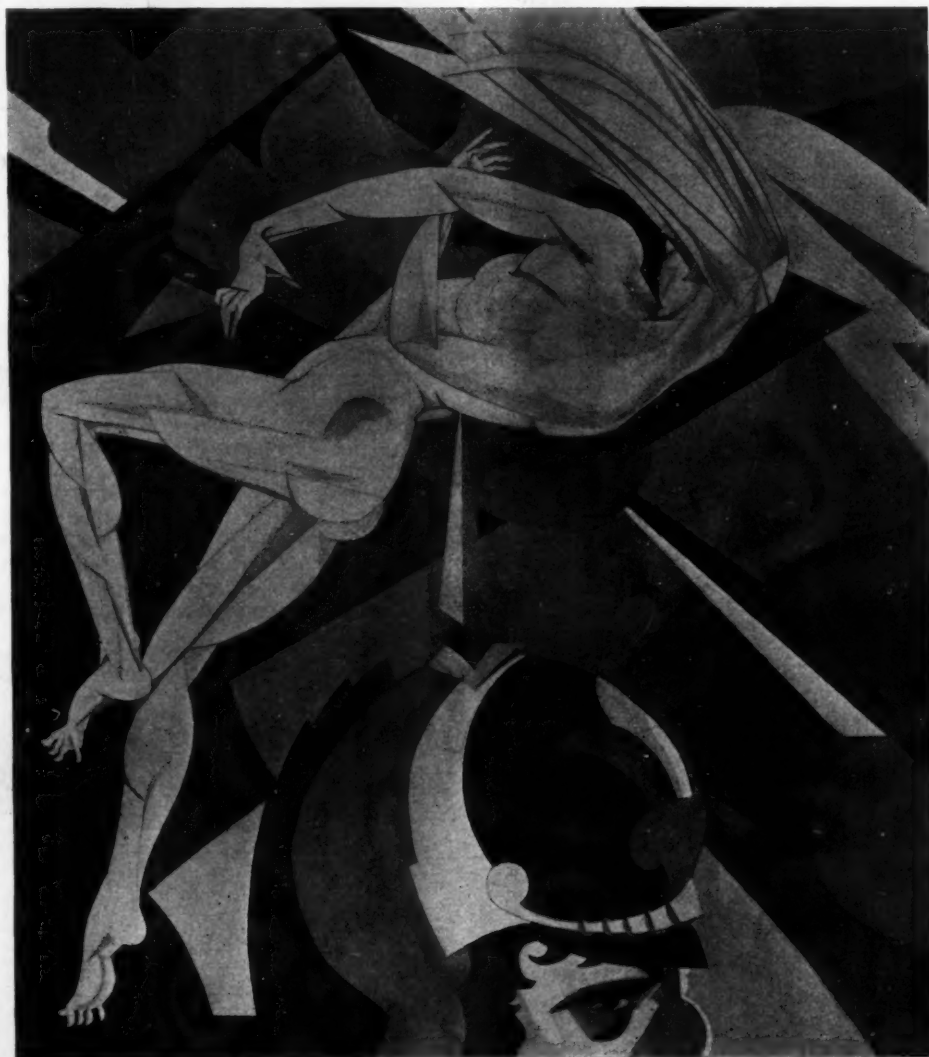
Wheelock that he does not wear a black velvet smock and tam of the same, nor has he either flowing tie or flowing locks. He dons a tan linen, washable smock, assumes no headgear, and takes no chance of his sacred collection of ties becoming besmattered with paint, wearing his soft shirt open at the throat. His red-brown locks are trimmed close, but none too fussily kept. His very kind hazel eyes glanced for a second in the direction of a picture that had attracted my attention.

"That," he explained, "is 'The Plume of Mars.'"

In silence I studied the big painting he had last year exhibited at the Independent's show. The head of the God of War at the very bottom of the picture supported a spiked helmet on whose tip, or plume, is barely poised the body of a well-muscled Adonis, typifying manhood horrified at having fallen in a struggle upon the plume of Mars.

"What a gruesome thing, and yet how delicately treated," I exclaimed. "How did you get the idea?"

"Well—I'll tell you." He lighted a



Warren Wheelock's art is bold, vigorous and assertive—not calculated to woo the eye, but to stir the imagination—as witness his painting of "The Plume of Mars"

cigarette and perched on the edge of the window sill.

"I went to study art at the Pratt Institute in Brooklyn. Later I taught drawing there. It was while I was teaching that I lived over on Poplar Street. It's the most God-forsaken hole in the world. I wanted local color. I got plenty of it. It was nothing to hear a scream in the too-early hours of the morning. Especially on Saturday night, some woman would be sure to get a beating from her drunken husband. This, you understand, was before prohibition. Well, one afternoon I went out into the neighborhood to get a paper. A boy rushed wildly past me into a police station on the corner. He reappeared almost immediately with a cop, and I had the curiosity to join the crowd that followed them. We were led to a vacant lot but a short distance away and there discovered a knot of excited people gathered close around a section of an iron fence which ran the length of one side of the lot. The iron rails ended in sharp points. On one of these an old man was impaled. He was drunk. How he came to be caught there no one knew. The rails were breast high and he must have stumbled onto one of them somehow. The spike ran through his throat and through the roof of his mouth. It was the time of the World-War. It gave me the idea for this picture. I could think of nothing more horrifying to symbolize war than humanity hurled upon the plume of Mars—a spike, cold, sharp, unrelenting."

This painting, exhibited at the Independents showing last year, was given much favorable comment.

"You are a bachelor, Mr. Wheelock?" I wanted to know.

"Wedded to Art," was the laconic reply.

"Do you find always full satisfaction in its expression?"

"Not always," he admitted. "For instance, once I went down into North Carolina among the Blue Ridge mountains to get the disturbing note of New York out of my system. While there I was at first very restless. The great mountains seemed enshrouding—oppressive, instead of inspiring. I felt an overwhelming desire to create something—neither painting nor sculpturing. I wanted to throw myself into some sort of work—labor: to build, construct, yet at the same time create. So I set up a bungalow. It took me a year and a half to complete it. Not a thing about it was machine made. With my own hands I shaped everything that went into the house. I carved every panel of the doors. The construction and interior decorating was said to be unique, and people came from all around to see it."

"What did you do when you returned?"

"Oh, a friend of mine is living in it now, and whenever I wish to go vacationing, it's the one place where I can hang up my hat and call it 'home.'"

"But Art is your main objective?"

"I make it my sole worship. I settled down to work after my return to New York in real earnest. Broke into the magazines with illustrating. I do covers now for *Current Opinion* and illustrations for *Asia*, the travel magazine."

I rose and examined the curious wood carving of a pair of daschunds on a table.



WARREN WHEELOCK

"That's a model for andirons," he explained.

The work was well done, artistic, and expressive. I then became interested in a small alabaster statue of George Washington, the body modeled after the idea of a totem pole.

"Just a whim of mine," he said, with a deprecating smile.

"Is this camel yours? Why, I've seen it everywhere. All the drugstores have this little advertising trick."

"Yes, I worked out the idea, as you see it there, and sold it to a factory." He dismissed the subject abruptly and returned to the discussion of painting. I perceived that this commercial angle was not to his liking, but more or less the necessary part of the struggles of an artist.

"I would like your opinion on the art of

the Modernist—this Cubist work—what's it all about, anyway? Why must everything look like a deck of cards tumbling down upon 'Alice in Wonderland' as she is emerging from the spell of her dream?"

"It expressed by a good artist the painting carries a message that is unmistakable. It is at least typical of our after-the-war state of hysteria. People are restless—turning this way and that in an effort to regain their normalcy. The Modernist gets his message over in a forceful, unique way. His pictures show speed in art; the old masters took their time to tell the story. Now it must be so that 'he who runs may read.'"

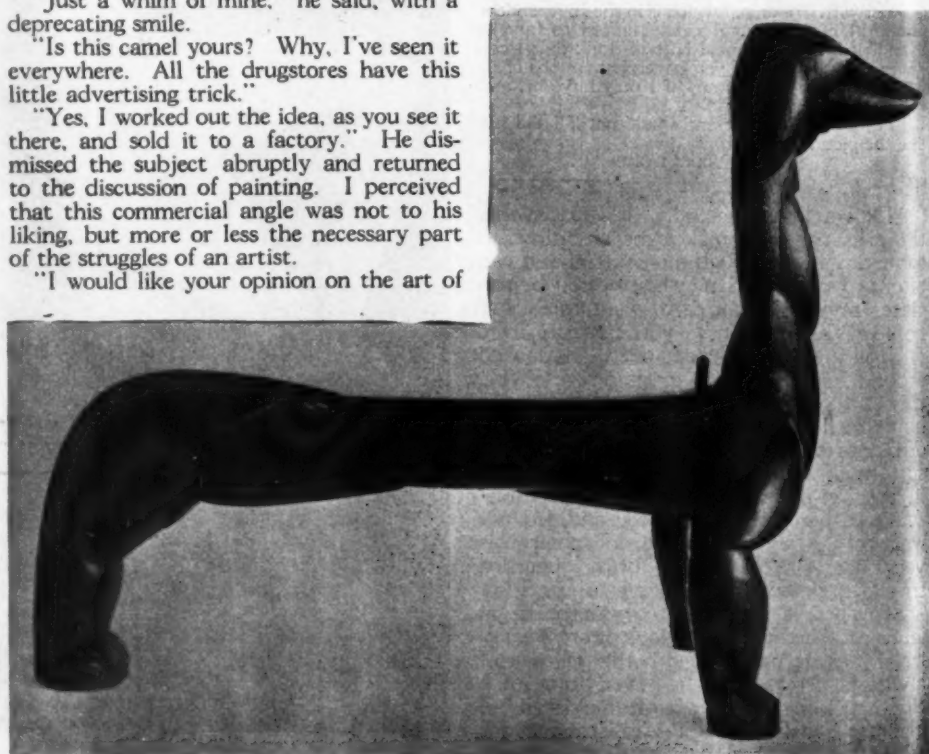
"Why is it that artists so often turn to sculpturing?"

"Because their natures may crave a masculine expression that is given its freest rein in sculpture. Painting I regard as feminine. The amount of detail in a picture—the graceful lines, the color—though the Modernist comes nearer to the masculine than any other in painting. Modelling is producing body—creating mass, solidity—it's sort of Walt Whitmanish—rugged and untuned. While painting is like Oscar Wilde's works—rhythmic and colorful."

Mr. Wheelock condemns a literal, naturalistic picture as non-creative. The work of a "copyist."

"Why, it's merely one process of reproduction, like a camera. And the more accurate the detail, the cleverer the reproducer—that's all. A parrot can imitate—but the good Lord give me the artist who can create every time! Even if his work is poor, and there's an effort at creation—a spark of originality in the work—there's hope for him."

Mr. Wheelock plans to leave for China shortly. From there he intends to start out to paint his way around the world.



A design for andirons, modelled in wood by Warren Wheelock

How gas masks were put on the doughboys' "hard tack"

There's Art in Making Even Tin Cans

The same instinct that makes you admire a beautiful painting governs your selection of food products from the grocers' shelves. Charles H. and Harold B. Campbell are specialists in building "sight value" into tin containers

IN the days of the Forty-Niners, when the gold rush was on, and boat after boat left the ports along the East coast bound on the perilous journey around Cape Horn, a young fellow of twenty was working in a tin shop in Boston.

He didn't go on the gold rush himself, but indirectly Uriah B. Campbell and his fellow-workers were of inestimable service to those who did. They were busy making

which might be followed today in many lines to great advantage.

There is more of science and beauty in the construction of an ordinary tin can than the person observing the proverbial dog flout one from the end of his tail would believe. In the days when Charles Campbell, now president of the Colonial Can Company of Boston, the leading company of its kind in New England, began work, the use of power was unknown. The heavy machinery used to cut and stamp sheet tin had as yet not been developed. The only power at all, in fact, was that applied on a machine, where the workman jumped with all his might with one leg upon a bar to secure the proper impression on the tin. Imagine repeating a process of this kind time after time. It must surely result in a deformed workman or a vacant position.

Many of the older generation will remember when peddlers of tinware were more numerous than the ragmen of today; when every country road was visited periodically by the purveyor of tin dippers, pans and kitchen utensils of every description. There was no aluminum in those days, no porcelain, no granite-ware—it was tin, tin, tin.

When U. B. Campbell started as an apprentice he was immediately set at the job of making tin dippers. That was the task every apprentice was given, for two reasons—dippers were cheap, so that an occasionally spoiled one did not matter greatly, and, secondly, there was an unlimited demand for this vitally necessary utensil. Today the tin dipper, so common in the past, is almost an oddity, even in the country. Gradually, power began to be applied to machinery in the middle '80's, and the construction of cans was revolutionized. Today heavy machinery stamps out the correct design, other heavy machinery twists and clamps it into the desired shape. The use of machinery, far from making fewer jobs, as the labor enthusiasts and economists of the old school predicted, merely stimulated production, and today the Colonial Can Company factory is many times the size of the plant which Charles Campbell entered at the time he started with his father.

An infinite number of tin containers, varying in size from shoe polish boxes and smaller, to huge tin tanks, make up the output of the company.

Harold B. Campbell, who was born in 1874, fourteen years after his brother Charles, and the youngest boy in the family, joined the company, and the two brothers are today associated together. When the war came along, the government discovered suddenly that it had an unprecedented demand for tin cans.

Poison gas was the reason. Food shipped

to France might make the trip successfully in other containers, but no article was fit for human consumption in the front line trenches unless it was kept enclosed in a tin container continuously. Many a veteran of the World War remembers the oblong can in which came the familiar "hard bread" to be munched during quiet spells up on the edge of No Man's Land.

It took a lot of spoiled food and injured stomachs for the government to learn what was wrong with the trench mess in the early days of the war, but as soon as it did, there was a rush call for all the tin cans available. The Colonial factory was chosen as the best shop to produce them in New England. Mr. Campbell, himself a member of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery, and in close touch with the civilian drill work in Boston, offered complete co-operation with the government, curtailing and finally stopping completely the manufacture of everything but the oblong can to bring the precious "hard bread" to American doughboys in the trenches.

Sixty thousand cans, over ten miles of them, placed end to end, were shipped from the plant daily, filled with biscuit, and



CHARLES H. CAMPBELL

the big tin containers in which was packed the flour, meal, and other articles which could stand the voyage around two continents in no other way. It was a case of using tin containers or starving along the route, so Campbell and his fellow-workers felt they were playing a big part in the big western boom.

Campbell was just a little more aggressive than the other men working with him, so it was not long before he was made foreman in a company producing most of the cans in New England. When he was thirty-nine he established his own business. He had been working since he was twelve years of age and knew every angle of the work thoroughly.

In 1877 Charles H., his son, who had been born just before the Civil War started, went to work for his father. This was in the day of piece work, when a day's labor was measured not in so many hours, but in so much work completed—a method, incidentally,



HAROLD B. CAMPBELL

rushed to France. Day after day the Colonial Company, working at top speed, every available inch of room occupied, turned out its ten-mile quota of cans.

There was more than the intangible

reward, knowing that eventually the product served the men on the fighting line. Shortly after the armistice Major-General George Burr wrote from the office of the Chief of Staff of the War Department commending the company for its exceptionally meritorious and patriotic war service.

The number, uses, and size of the containers manufactured by the Colonial Company today is legion. There are cans for olive oil in every size; cans for shoe polish, ointment and salve; specialty cans for paste jars; others for fancy fruit, vegetables, fish. One might add to the list indefinitely. The Colonial Can Company today, an outgrowth of the institution founded and fostered by the elder Campbell in the days immediately following the Civil War, is now the greatest institution making specialty containers of every conceivable description in the eastern part of the nation.

Ever since the Colonial Can Company was organized, the idea of the personal service of the two brothers to their customers has predominated. Some firms gave their first order to Charles Campbell over forty years ago. The question of incorporation and concentration on a limited line has come up time after time. It has always been vetoed. The impersonal element in bulk manufacture never appealed to the Campbell Brothers. They have maintained their position as the specialists in their industry.

Catering to manufacturers using containers of almost every conceivable description and developing new ideas valuable in promoting the sales of articles which the housewife finds on the grocer's shelves has been their policy. Numerous types of containers, unique in their appeal to the eye or the specialized service they perform, have been designed by them.

"When you employ the services of a specialist in surgery, you expect definite expert services in return," Charles Campbell points out. "The trend of business today is in the same direction. Tremendous organization concentrating upon the production of some nationally known food product have little

time to spare for research in the development of a container which will carry their product conveniently and economically and at the same time have the greatest appeal to the food-buying public. This work in designing

A GLIMPSE BEHIND THE SCENES BEHIND THE GROCERS' SHELVES

CHARLES H. and Harold B. Campbell bear the same relation to the process of making containers for your food products that the Mayo Brothers do to the science of medicine. The artistic phases of their profession are unique, yet totally unsuspected by the uninitiated.

When you select one particular tin of cookies or wafers at the grocery, or one particular pot of paste from the many in the stationer's stock, you are probably paying tribute to these two men, who have woven the perspective of the artist and the instinct of the sculptor into their products without sacrificing utility.

The size, shape, or appearance of the tin containing the article you desire has a definite effect upon you and may sell the product over a competing brand of intrinsically the same value. A pleasing psychological effect means buyers.

Nationally-known manufacturers of products which come to you protected by tin know this, and strive constantly to improve the shape or size of their container because it increases the demand for their article among the housewives.

Presidents of some of the largest concerns in the United States using tin containers of one sort or another—men whose names are familiar because their products are consumed by you daily—confer frequently with the Campbell Brothers on the subject of increasing the artistic effect, or "sight value" of the container employed by them.

They travel oftentimes from the cities of the Middle West to Boston because of the importance of the subject.

is frequently delegated to specialists in this line. That has been our function."

Where can a more fascinating story be found than that of the discovery of tin plating and the way it has multiplied the every-day larder available to the housewife?

Nearly four centuries ago in a little town in Bohemia, far from the beaten path of commerce, the process of coating an iron or steel sheet with tin was discovered. The importance of the disclosure that all the strength and malleability of sheet iron or steel could be retained without the disadvantage of rust was not at first realized. But gradually this sheet metal found its way to other countries, and its value became apparent. In 1620 the Duke of Saxony, through the medium of a false priest, secured the carefully-guarded secret of how the metal was manufactured. Not much later the process was developed in England, but the many uses to which tin could be put were not realized, and the manufacture almost died out.

About 1720 the process started afresh in Wales, and this unique industry received its first strong impetus. Iron smelted from the ore in the Welsh mines and moulded into one-inch bars, was tediously hammered into thin sheets and cut with hand shears. The sheets were scrubbed with sandstone. Before the tin coating was put on, they were pickled in hot acid baths, and the pickling men who did this, stark naked, because of the intense heat, made the process one of the most picturesque in the history of industry.

Tin came into use early in the United States, being imported from England and elsewhere in Europe. The tin dipper that still hangs in a few sinks was universally used by our grandfathers and great-grandfathers. The manufacture of tin in America progressed slowly, until the famous McKinley Act of 1890 was passed, carrying as one of its provisions a heavy duty on tin plate. The year the tariff act was passed practically no tin plate was made in this country. In 1915 one million tons of it was produced here. With this stupendous record the United States has now become the greatest tin-plate producer in the world, and the multitudinous uses to which it is put, in connection with the canning industry, the tobacco industry, and the making of cooking utensils, has created an ever-increasing demand.

Building the Greyhounds of the Sea

Continued from page 118

Yachts of every description have been built within the last few years at the Lawley yards. The ninety-eight-foot gasoline launch *Donaire*, owned by George W. Todd, of Rochester, New York, is Lawley-built; as is the *Valda* of Frank McQueston, built in 1902, sold sometime later by its owner, and only recently purchased back by him; the one hundred and forty-foot steel yacht *Sabalo*, owned by W. Earl Dodge; the *Anona* of Robert F. Adams, Greenwich, Conn.; the *Cristina*, the gasoline yacht of Frederic C. Fletcher; the *Gem*, a steel steam yacht owned by William Ziegler, Jr.; the motor yacht *Albacore*, of J. K. L. Ross, Montreal; the *Sweetheart* of Edward H. Witte, Kansas City; *L'Allegro*, owned by H. Macdougall.

Other well-known Lawley-built yachts are the *Agawam*, owned by Ross W. Bartram, New York; the *Pastime*, Edwin A. Shewan, New York; the *Caritas*, J. Percy Bartram, New York; the *Alida*, Bertram H. Borden,

New York; and the *Mary Ann*, Henry F. Lippett, Providence, R. I.

At Newport the *Mauna Loa*, the distinctive motor cruiser of Mrs. A. Curtis James, comes in for a big share of notice each season. In the fast cruiser class the *Mangosteen* of W. Cameron Forbes, and the *Ja Da*, owned by Charles L. Harding, are perhaps the best known. The *Cintra*, S. E. Hutchinson's sedan runabout is another Lawley product. The *Helen E.* is one of the best known speed cruisers.

The large motor yacht *Florence* was also constructed in the Lawley yards. She is one hundred and fifty-four feet long and of steel, owned by Julian F. Detmar of New York City.

Knight of Note Book and Pencil

Continued from page 110

the door knob and keep in personal touch with men if you are going to write about the affairs of men.

He is as familiar in New York as many

of the celebrities he writes about. He is a small man, with smooth face, dark eyes and dark hair, wearing horn-rim spectacles, and mingled with all the sturdiness is a soft and gentle humaneness.

It was exhilarating to read in *The Buchan Observer*, Peterhead, Buchan, Scotland, under date of January 24, 1922, the story of the little gathering given every Christmas for many years by B. C. Forbes to the pupils of the school which Mr. Forbes attended as a boy. The account is set probably in the same old nonpareil type that he used at the case. There was a Christmas tree and each one received a remembrance. It was the annual red letter day for B. C. Forbes in that little country school, where he is known as an important figure in the literary and financial world of America. Here he has often given summer picnics for the children. He has now three children of his own and a charming young American wife, and there's an inspiration of perennial youth in everything that B. C. Forbes does, with a balanced judgment of a man fully matured.

A few pages of gossip about

Affairs and Folks

Brief comment on current happenings, and news notes about some people who are doing worth-while things

LONG before I visited Ishlam I had heard mysterious remarks among jolly fellows wearing the crescent pin and fez, who never seemed to have the disposition that we accredit to Turks. They were jolly, jolly fellows. I had heard something of the "burning sands of the desert," about the "camel" and "walking the ropes," and then receiving the impress of the signet of the ring. This was all talked in riddles to me years ago.

But—

Now I know. I am not only a wiser but a happier man since being one of the little strawberries in the patch at a ceremony given at the Shrine in Aleppo Temple in Boston, where ten thousand good fellows gathered together for a good time—and had it. The ancient glories of the past seemed to be curiously co-mingled. I found that it is as easy to join the chorus of laughter as the chant of the groaners. The chant is the playground of the Masonic order; its members usually find the oasis where the spring of humor bubbles.

I cannot conceive of a man wearing a Shriner's pin not having moments of good humor. He may not be constitutionally good-humored, but he has lapses of being good natured. The great value of the Shriners is that it teaches men not to take themselves too seriously. After all, men are but grown-up boys.

But there is another side. Good humor just naturally seems to breathe the gentle purpose of generosity. The Shriner's hospitals for crippled children today dot the huge wall map of the United States and Canada. It fairly bristles with pins, indicating the location of hospitals. The idea is to open the portals of hope to every little afflicted child in America. Five hospitals have already been located and are in course of construction at St. Louis, St. Paul, Shreveport, Montreal, and San Francisco. Five more have been authorized in Oregon (at Portland), Pennsylvania, New England, Virginia, and in the Rocky Mountain States. This work has approximated the dream of the Shrine—to have a "miracle shop" within the reach of every child in North America, where the child can have fostering care and support under the shadow and care of a Shrine Temple.

No bequests or gifts are accepted to carry on this obligation of the Shrine. There are no plates or marks of individual donors. These hospitals are the expression of the great throbbing heart of the Shriners. All that these hospitals contain is a simple Shrine emblem of the scimitar, star and crescent and the date on which the cornerstone was laid.

It is planned to have ten hospitals in operation before 1923. They will be constructed systematically as soon as an income of one million dollars a year is assured. The interest and co-operation of the Shriners will make these hospitals veritable sunshine homes for crippled children.

There is something charming in the way that Shriners address each other as "Noble"—that word applies only to nobility of character and generosity of spirit. It is not a mark of official or hereditary distinction. The Temples are named in honor of many of the old cities associated with the early history and traditions of the

order. Something of the spirit of Abou Ben Adhem, who loved his fellow-men, is in the Shrine.

In Boston, Shriners respond to the call of Aleppo Temple; in Chicago, Medina; in Washington, Alamos, and so on. In the membership are many eminent men, including the President of the United States.

Though Shriners indulge in the most elaborate titles, as "Illustrious Grand Potentate," and address each other as Nobles, one member greeting another knows primarily that he has met a fellow-member tried and tested under the tenets of good fellowship. There is no clash of race, creed, or religious belief. Honor, veneration,

and reverence for the God over all reflect the common belief in a spirit of unity and brotherhood for all the human race.

Dartmouth Alumnus has Known Members of Every Class for One Hundred and Five Years

SOME men have a bubbling sense of humor that seems to ever mark them with the spirit of youth. It is difficult to realize that Hon. Samuel J. Powers, former Congressman and eminent in public service, has passed three-score-and-ten by four full years.

Recently in Symphony Hall, Boston, before a large gathering of Dartmouth men, and with all



JOSEPH SANTLEY and Ivy Sawyer, stars of the "Music Box Revue," may have to obey the orders of a stage manager while appearing at the Music Box Theatre in New York, but the real boss of the Santley menage is little Joseph, Jr., their three-year-old son. When the Santleys are not occupying their dressing-rooms at the theatre, they can be found at their beautiful home in Great Neck, Long Island, where Joe, Jr., is the managing director

the authority of a Dartmouth trustee, he made a statement that startled the credulity of his fellow alumni:

"I have seen one or more members of every class graduating from Dartmouth in the last one hundred and five years."

Fortifying each statement with facts, he starts in a jocular way with the class of 1816. Amasa Edes, '16, of Newport, New Hampshire, heads the list. He was at times his father's attorney, and at other times appeared in court against him, but that was no violation of legal ethics in those days.

Samuel L. Powers was born on the border of Vermont, and he, too, determined when a young boy to be a lawyer. After his Dartmouth course he was a law student in New York University. He began the practice of law in Boston in the centennial year of the Republic, 1876.

He was a member of the 57th and 58th Congresses, and a delegate from Massachusetts to the International Treaty Convention held in Paris in 1878. Few men, however, who have occupied so prominent a position held so few public offices.

But to return to his story of Dartmouth. In the class of 1818 was Elijah Boardman, who was the family physician, and who was present at his home when Samuel entered the world. The records disclose that his professional fee for this service was twenty-five cents.

His acquaintance in the class of 1819 included Rufus Choate. In the class of 1830 was George Washington Nesmith, better known as Judge Nesmith. Salmon P. Chase, nephew of Bishop Chase, who received his degree from Dartmouth in 1826, became Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court, and later rendered great service as Secretary of the Treasury under President Lincoln.

There was Nelson Dingley, the leader of Congress for four years, of the class of 1855—indeed, Samuel Powers' acquaintance among Dartmouth alumni is a "Who's Who" of the prominent men of the nation. This prominent alumnus waxes eloquent on the subject of the scenic beauties of Dartmouth:

"Seven hundred feet below are the sparkling waters of Winnepesaukee, dotted with its hundreds of islands. Each is rich with summer verdure extending to the very water's edge. Farther to the north are the silver waters of Lake Asquam, hedged in by that beautiful range of mountains—Chocorua, Passaconaway, White-

face, and Sandwich Dome—and then still farther to the north the Presidential Range, Mount Washington piercing the fleecy clouds. Farther to the west stands Lafayette and Lincoln and Moosilauke, and still farther toward the sunset the mountains of Vermont. To the east, beyond Ossipee, are the mountains on the border line of Maine, and to the south Belknap and Gunstock stand to keep guard, as over a castle."

The history of Dartmouth College is intimately linked with the cause of education. The famous Dartmouth College case, which shook the very foundation of the Supreme Court, still stands out as marking the turning of the tide. In this decision Justice John Marshall established forever the sovereign rights of education.

Mr. Powers' addresses glow with the sparkle of humor. He is preparing a book which will recall memories and impressions that will be of intense interest not only to those now living, but to future generations.

The home of Samuel L. Powers is at Newton, Mass. He has been president and a member of nearly every prominent organization that has had to do with the civic and public welfare of New England.

The tribute paid him by Dartmouth men was an honor and distinction, and touched him deeply, for next to his country and his church comes Dartmouth. No wonder, for he has looked into the faces of graduates of Dartmouth representing the classes of every year through a span of the most eventful one hundred and five years that the world has ever known.

Believes that Home Talent is the Real Foundation for Stage Development

THE real sounding-board of the publication known as *The Billboard*, I should say, is Fred High. He has been in charge of the Lyceum-Chautauqua department, but his comment is always a virile editorial expression. First of all a constructive developer, he has ideas and he goes straight after them. He knows how to boost people, and boosts them sometimes by criticising.

Fred High has done much in developing home talent. Who does not remember the time when he experienced the joy and thrill of taking part in a home talent entertainment? Who has not felt the glow and first tremor of appearing behind the footlights, and the first quivers of stage



FRED HIGH is an authority on all matters pertaining to Lyceums and Chautauquas, and a forceful editorial writer on topics of interest to entertainers in all fields. In his department of "The Billboard" he expounds a wholesome philosophy for the benefit of "the profession"

fright? Who has not been fascinated by the cosmetics and thrilled when the penciled eyebrows were bestowed upon them in their first appearance in a home talent production? Home talent is the foundation of stage development, for there must have been home talent or a first time in all stage career beginnings.

While his department is supposed to be confined to Lyceum-Chautauqua, his general comments on matters are always readable and forceful. Fred High believes that the doctor who tells you nearest the truth—tells you how to change your habits and when to grow fat—is eventually a welcome visitor and proves a real friend. But he is not always the best paid or the most appreciated. The big fees and fame usually go to the after-experimental, the one who looks you over, with fear in his eyes, and tells you how he is saving you from the precipice of death, and then suggests an operation—an experience that runs into snug bills.

Four doctors told Fred High many years ago that he would be dead before spring—of tuberculosis. He knew, however, that what he needed was a change of climate and change of living. He left the pure air of the Allegheny Mountains, which did not agree with him, moving to smoky Pittsburgh. He quit gulping down bottles of cod-liver oil, and started in on some deep breathing exercises, taking a few pills for incidental twinges of rheumatism. Now he looks at the world as he looks at himself.

Fred High goes right at the bottom of things and tries to find out why certain things are failures. In business the reason is simple, and the right course of action should be to cut down your overhead, the diet, eliminate the waste and increase the exercises and punch the balls harder.

Incidentally, in talking to various organizations all over the country, he cannot be suppressed from mentioning his publication. He is in love with *The Billboard*. It is his Bible. He glories in the fact that it renders service to advertisers and subscribers—it is something



Photo by Arthur Chapman

UNBELIEVABLE as it may seem, it has been only thirty-four years since a ranchman, searching for lost cattle, discovered the prehistoric ruins of the cliff dwellings on the Mesa Verde, in Colorado, the most notable and best preserved ruins of the kind in America, if not the world. "Spruce Tree House," hiding under a huge overhanging cliff, is one of the most interesting specimens of this ancient architecture, and next to the largest in size

more than a mere bundle of white paper on which ink is imprinted. *The Billboard* is a sort of guide-post to the theatrical and kindred professions.

He is always interested in discovering people, whether a peanut roaster or a prince. He discovers people in all walks of life. He studies artists, workers, laborers and farmers, and is a missionary in his own field. If Fred High went to Africa he would convert the heathen, as he is one of the converting kind. Some may call him a heathen, some say he is the original Bolshevik, because of the way he strikes out in his criticisms, but underneath these keen, almost cynical observations, is a warm heart for those who are honest and sincere in their purposes and have found their right field of endeavor.

A few weeks ago he devoted a couple of columns to telling the world of the good qualities that he has found in a little woman lecturer who lives in Minnesota and who is the wife of a school teacher. His article was copied in a number of Minnesota papers, the Duluth *Herald* giving it a feature spot and a wide circulation just at the time when a thousand Democrats had met in Minneapolis in a convention to nominate a candidate to oppose Senator Kellogg. Immediately her friends got busy and soon pages of *The Billboard* became a great campaign document, with the final result that Mrs. Peter Olesen, the little woman who had been traveling the Chautauqua circuit, was unanimously nominated for the position. She is now in the race to win.

Writing to a friend, Mrs. Olesen said: "I had been somewhat depressed, and here came the mail bringing me the wonderful article that Mr. High wrote about me and published in his department of *The Billboard*. You can imagine how I appreciated that article and oh, how I needed it to buoy up my spirits. God bless Fred High for his great spirit of helpfulness. He helped to nominate me for the U. S. Senate."

Fred High has fought to keep the Lyceum and Chautauqua free and to give the recruits a fair chance to try their metal. He believes in a fair field and an equal chance—then let merit, talent, special aptitudes and hard work win.

He is always busy. For several years he made a campaign for the better treatment of prisoners in the penitentiary, and has fought against solitary confinement. He has been closely connected with summer Chautauquas. For four years he spent his vacations managing the Woodbine Chautauqua, the largest rural Chautauqua in the world, managed by farmers, where he camped out in the country with the people in order to keep close to their angle of things and have a rest while doing hard work. The Chautauqua was a hand-made affair—even the lake was formed by a dam built by hand. This Chautauqua was run by the home folks, the farmers. It is located on a farm right out in the country, ten miles from Decatur, Illinois, and they spent \$3,500 for a ten days' program, actually making this farm into a summer resort that paid out as a resort. Fred High believes that Chautauqua talent takes the same exploitive ability to sell that must be put back of any other commodity. Although his department is printed in very fine five point type, a fast growing group of readers generally put on their magnifying glasses to read what Fred High has to say.

Copper Mining Magnate Devotes Much Attention to Cultivation of Flowers

IF there is one man in the United States whose dominant passion is flowers, it is Albert C. Burrage. But, more than being a mere lover of flowers, he has done much for horticulture—and shares his joy with others.

Horticultural Hall in Boston will ever be associated with the triumphs of Albert C. Burrage. His orchid shows have never been paralleled. He has brought the people closer to flowers than any other one man. He believes that flowers speak a language, and have a message that no words can convey.

Ever since the lad born at Ashburnham, Massachusetts, in 1859, started out in life, he has loved the flowers of New England. When he graduated from Harvard in 1883, he began the practice of law, and even with all the great business and financial problems involved in his work, his recreation was flowers.

In May, 1922, he contributed something never before known in the history of New England. It was an exhibit of wild flowers, and was an eloquent appeal for the preservation of the floral splendor which delights the hearts of thousands in New England.

There was the sweet message of the trailing arbutus, many varieties of ferns, little rippling streams, clustered with that adornment which only the God of Nature can provide. Thousands of children had in this exhibit of wild flowers an object lesson that will never be forgotten.

It now seems almost like ruthless cruelty to gather and waste these wonderful miracles of nature just to have them droop and die, for today people must go afield to see, admire, and share with others, not pluck and carry them away. With automobiles, street cars, and cheap fares, there is no reason why people cannot enjoy these in their natural setting, and not uselessly destroy them. These treasures must have protection in order to be preserved.

What a world this would be without flowers. We cannot think of anything that expresses enduring and eternal sentiments so much as the blossom and flower that may soon fade and die, but always continue year after year with its suggestion of life, beauty, and happiness.

To see Mr. Burrage among his flowers is to realize why he has devoted so many years of his busy life to raising flowers and vegetables for the market—for there is a practical side of this question. He was active in making the cranberry bogs in southeastern Massachusetts bring their fruitage as in the days of the early Colonial fathers.

In 1882 Mr. Burrage was elected a member of the Boston Common Council, and was a member of the Boston Transit Committee that built the first Boston subway, appointed by Governor Greenhalge.

He is a member of many of the leading clubs in New York and Boston, with homes at Prides' Crossing and at Hanson, Mass., and business activities that cover large mining developments. He was one of the organizers of the Amalgamated Copper Company, and owner of mines in Ferrobamba, Peru, an organizer of the International Tin Company, Chile Exploration Company, Chile Copper Company, and

spent years in the development of new processes for treatment of low-grade copper ores.

All this seems to have been but a preparation for the greater work and triumphs in educating the present and coming generations in the love of flowers. The world has long since discovered that working among flowers and keeping in contact with nature does more to reform and soften the hearts of men than all other influences combined. It is God's own method of calling out in people the love for that which is divine and enduring.

Builds Big Theatre on Spot Where He Once Sold Papers

A LITTLE slip of a newsboy sells papers daily in front of the big, impressive Broadway Theatre in South Boston, Massachusetts. He is a very little fellow and looks even smaller



Photo by Fred H. Kiser

WATCH your step here. After you have climbed to the summit of Appistoki Mountain in the Glacier National Park, you may gaze upon an Alpine panorama of romantically beautiful lakes, glaciers and rugged mountains, where isolated peaks of unusual shapes and precipices thousands of feet deep abound. Here is the home of the Rocky Mountain sheep and the mountain goat

in the shadow of the big theatre—a theatre which commemorates the historic evacuation of Boston by the British on March 17th, 1776. Brilliant lights, gilded foyers, gorgeous carpets, huge resting rooms and a stage large enough for a grand opera presentation merge in the true metropolitan playhouse touch.

Not so many years ago another little newsboy cried "Papers!" on the very site of the theater. He met big people and gave them real service. He made good as a newsboy and glimpsed visions of bigger things.

"Jimmy" Powers was born on Fourth Street. From the first time he picked up a newspaper, he seemed a little bundle of progressiveness and determination. Today he is the owner of the theatre on the site of his old "stand." The building of his playhouse, which is one of the leading ones in Boston, was the culmination of dreams formulated in the early days when he swapped *Posts* and *Heralds* for the pennies of passers-by.

"Jimmy" Powers started in the movie game early. His first step was to join Stetson at the Globe Theatre of Boston. Here he secured much of the experience which he was later to use in his own theatre. Politics called him for a while, and he established a remarkable reputation as a member of the House and the Senate in the historic General Court of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Soon after his political exodus, he built a small theatre in South Boston, his native place. It was small, but it was substantial. Every detail was known to him. One night, when he was sitting in the Boston Grand Opera House, some of his friends chided him about the little old Congress Hall, his own theatre. Their twitter aggravated him.

"I'll have a house some day that will make you sit up and take notice!" he said.

When Mr. Powers started work on his new theatre he was determined to have nothing but the best. Today James F. Powers' "Broadway"—so called from the thoroughfare on which it is located—is in all respects a Grand Opera House, with foyers and furnishings that would do justice to Covent Garden in London itself.

On the site where the "Broadway's" stage was built, he and his boyhood chum of sixteen years, William Smith, planned their day's outings. Here they manufactured sling-shots, delivered "barrel orations" and sought refuge from the various indignant victims of their pranks. Now, as manager of this new theatre, "Jimmy" Powers looks upon the screen, and in that very same spot sees his old chum, "Billy" Smith, playing tragic and humorous roles. On the cue-sheets he is listed as "Franklin Farnum."

How a Washington Policeman and His Wife Work a System that Makes Them Rich

SERGEANT J. WILLARD GREENE, of the Washington police force, and his wife are living lessons in thrift and team-work. Starting their married life on a monthly salary of \$75, they have in the past fifteen years accumulated \$200,000 in stocks and bonds, and become the owners of some of the most valuable real estate property in Washington. From the rental of one room in their small four-room apartment, they have built up the largest individual boarding-house business at the Capital.

When he is off duty, Sergeant Greene lives the life of a millionaire. That is, if you take into account the automobiles and the twenty-eight servants and housekeeper and their four houses on fashionable K Street. By seven o'clock the blue uniform and brass buttons have disappeared behind a dress suit, Mrs. Greene is attired in the latest model in beaded georgette, and the man of fashion and the lady of leisure whirl away to a dinner or theatre party.

The story of how the Greens amassed their fortune is a remarkable one, but so quietly have they gone about it that when ribbon headlines streamed across the papers, making them famous overnight, none were more surprised than they. Many phases of Sergeant Greene's life, since his graduation from the Virginia Military Institute



SERGEANT J. WILLARD GREENE of the Washington Police Department is a conspicuous example of what thrift, prudence and forethought will accomplish in the way of building up a fortune from small beginnings. Though now classed as a wealthy man and in receipt of a large income from his various investments in stocks, bonds and real estate, Sergeant Greene still wears the uniform and puts his monthly pay check in the bank

twenty years ago have been full of thrills, but none more so than, at the age of forty, to find the limelight turned on him as Washington's wealthiest bluecoat.

Although his father was a lawyer, Willard, Jr., had no hankering after law. Neither did he want to farm, fond as he was of the open air. It was the military training at the Virginia institute that attracted him to the police force.

He went to the Capital and secured an appointment as patrolman. Eventually he was promoted to precinct detective, and, after his marriage, to sergeant.

One day the theft of a gold mesh bag was reported to him for investigation. The owner of the bag was Miss Gertrude Pond, daughter of a Washington cigar merchant. Miss Pond, having graduated in music, was preparing to go abroad as a member of a quartette when Detective Greene met her. She became very much interested in the good-looking Virginian with the military bearing, and he more interested in the loss of Miss Pond than in the gold mesh bag. The result of this mutual interest was that when the chorus sailed it was minus some rich soprano notes that had been cashed in elsewhere.

The meagre salary of the police detective was turned over and over by his wife, who had stayed in her father's store and watched the nickels and dimes melt into dollars. But even by practicing the most rigid economy and business methods, it was hard to make \$75 stretch over thirty-one days. And as Mrs. Greene did not believe in living up to every cent you make, she conceived the idea of renting out one of their four rooms. What she saved by this was the nucleus of the Greene fortune.

There is an air of personal friendliness and hominess about the Greene's boarding-houses, where the families of Members of Congress, of the Cabinet and diplomatic corps, have rubbed elbows at table with struggling clerks and actresses and who-not. Old-fashioned gold mirrors stretch from floor to ceiling, reflecting snowy clothes on long dining tables. The chatter of the negro servants and clatter of dishes can be heard above the piano player reeling off jazz rhythm for the young girls dancing the after-breakfast trot on the highly polished floors of the double parlors.

"The first thousand dollars," says Sergeant Greene, divulging the secrets of the game, "is the hardest to save. It means the twisting and turning of every penny, doing without pleasures that cost money, and contenting yourself with actual necessities in the way of clothes. My wife not only seemed willing to do it, but to get pleasure out of it.

"When we had saved the first thousand, we loaned it out at 6 per cent. I have never taken any chances on gold mine schemes, but have found first mortgages and real estate the ideal safe investment. We started right out with real estate, our first venture being to rent a house and let the rooms.

"At the end of a year and a half we had cleared \$3,000, which was at once paid down on the first house we bought. In the rear of this house was a back yard, facing on 12th Street. I borrowed the money and built an apartment house on it. This rented for \$425, representing 21 per cent on my buy, and soon paid for itself.

"We next bought the first one of these houses on K Street, rented the other three, and when the war came were not only equipped with boarding-house experience but had built up a fine system to accommodate large numbers of people. We roomed three hundred daily and fed about half that many. This volume of business enabled us to make money even by holding prices down to pre-war rates, and the end of the war found us owning all of the houses we had formerly been renting.

"For ten years I've put my pay check in the bank. You see, I don't any more believe in living up to your salary than I believe in quitting work when you've gained a little success. If I am rated as a successful man, it is because I have followed all my life these rules:

"Work hard; save; invest wisely, and don't be a spendthrift.

"If I were asked to advise young men today what was the quickest road to fortune, I would tell them to travel these routes. And not to travel them alone. Nothing will keep a man from living ahead of his pay like the right kind of wife, and the sooner he marries, the nearer he comes to success.

"The next important step is to save money little by little, and after awhile your money goes on earning money for you. It is like a snowball rolling down hill, or the little tributaries of a stream. If you continue economical, modest and moderate in your demands, it is amazing how large the snowball and the stream will grow."

Coinciding with her husband's views, Mrs. Greene says:

"If the young wife will work hard alongside of her husband, practice every economy and keep her head steady, it won't be long before they reach the point where it will be possible to enjoy the pleasures they were willing to forego at first.

"And there is no satisfaction that will be so great as the knowledge that together they earned it for themselves and their children."

The Greens have two children, a boy and girl seven and nine years old. They are splendid looking children and, in their schooling and opportunities, are already beginning to reap the fruits of their parents' sacrifice and labor.

—MAYME OBER PEAK

"Think of your forefathers!"—From speech of John Quincy Adams at Plymouth, in 1802

In *the* Land Where *the* Mayflower Blooms

A wealth of old traditions linger round the spots where our forefathers lived—and quaint reminders of the Pilgrim days bridge for our imagination the centuries that have passed

DOWN on the Cape!" What magic memories the words recall—memories of summer days and sunshine, of starlit summer nights at Monomoy, of moonlight and the whispering of the pines, and the loon's sad eerie calling to its mate on Mashpee pond, of winding roads and windswept hills and beaches where the waves come tumbling in; of the silver pathway of the rising moon stretching away and away across the silent sea to that far land from which the *Mayflower* sailed three centuries ago.

"Down on the Cape!" There is no sweeter sound to wearied human ears than the crooning song of long white rollers beating in upon its shores, while seabirds dart and whirl and skim the tops of the foam-flecked waves when the white-winged fishing fleets beat out to sea.

We love the Cape in its every mood—in winter's storm and summer's calm; whether garbed in Spring's green garments, newly wove, or in Autumn's gorgeous robes of reds and browns, or Winter's whiteness flung upon the hills—those of us whose roots strike deep in its sacred soil, whose forbears braved the wilderness of an unknown land, and lived and loved and labored there—and sleep the ageless sleep of peace on Burial Hill.

We love it well—and back we come, like homing birds, when we feel the urge, from the far-flung borders of our broad land, to spend a season in its quiet peace, to wander in its winding byways, to walk upon its shores, to watch the sea and listen to the thunder of its waves upon the shore, and dream of those old days when Massasoit, because of his kind heart, acquired enduring fame.

It calls to us with a voice that echoes out of the dim and distant past, and more of us come back each year "down on the Cape!" Almost an army now, it seems—something like an hundred thousand strong. Our children come, and our children's children—and, as the years go on, those who are children now will bring *their* children to the Cape, where they, in turn, will learn to love the land where the Pilgrims lived.

ON PLYMOUTH ROCK

THOUGH not, geographically considered, located upon Cape Cod—historically, Plymouth is inseparably linked with every sacred and sentimental memory of the Pilgrim land. For here was the birthplace of Massachusetts Colony—here the Pilgrims struggled through the first bitter winter of hunger and sickness and untold hardship—and here, beneath the leaning headstones

By MAITLAND
LEROY OSBORNE

on Burial Hill, crumbling with the touch of Time and shadowed by the drooping branches of stately trees, lie the sacred ashes of a noble company.

crowded is its every corner with historical associations.

Each year an increasing pilgrimage of Americans comes to this shrine beside the Rock, to wander through the streets where the Pilgrims trod, to gaze upon the treasured relics in Pilgrim Hall, and dream of the olden days among the worn gravestones under the trees on Burial Hill.



Photo copyrighted by A. S. Burbank, Plymouth

Plymouth in 1622—the Pilgrim settlement as it appeared in its early days

"The leaves that whisper softly overhead
The graves where sleep so quietly
The dead
Can tell us nothing of the olden days
The Pilgrims lived in, loved, and
Went their ways.

"The summer sunshine and the moonbeams play
Among those time-worn head-stones where
The Pilgrims lay—
And brooding Peace is visioned in the sacred spot
To warn the thoughtless that they must
Disturb them not."

Plymouth is the shrine of the American nation—hallowed by all the sacred associations that we hold most dear. "Here," said Roger Wolcott, Governor of Massachusetts, "are places and objects so intimately associated with the world's greatest men or with mighty deeds, that the soul of him who gazes upon them is lost in a sense of reverent awe, as it listens to the voice that speaks from the past."

Here civil and religious liberty had their beginnings, and here the enduring foundations of popular government were laid.

The visitor to the Plymouth of today can wander for days about its environs without exhausting its interest and charm—so

Approaching Plymouth from the Boston side, and viewing from a distance the sheltered expanse of Plymouth harbor, we can realize with what feelings of thanksgiving the storm-tossed voyagers hailed it as the haven to which their bark had been divinely guided. On the left, across Kingston Bay, rises Captain's Hill, where stood the home of Captain Myles Standish. On it towers the monument reared in honor of the doughty Pilgrim soldier, with a statue of him at the top. Beyond, toward the Gurnet headland, is Clark's Island, where the wanderers spent their first Sabbath ashore. Saquish thrusts its spurlike height inward, further completing the enclosure of the harbor, and beyond it are the twin lights on the Gurnet at the harbor entrance. From the southward the slender sand-spit of Plymouth Beach extends from the dark hills of Manomet toward Saquish and the Island, apparently almost land-locking this safe and beautiful haven of the *Mayflower*.

From any point that we approach Plymouth we see what appears to be a massive human figure rising above the tree-tops on one of the rolling hills that parallel the shore. This is the statue of Faith, surmounting the National Monument to the Forefathers.

standing in a commanding position a little way from the center of the town.

Entering the town from the north, over the state highway, we follow the street car



Samoset House—a Plymouth landmark for generations

line along Court Street till we come to the Samoset House—an interesting old hostelry which has been a landmark for generations.

This hotel was built by the Old Colony Railroad when it first put a railroad into Plymouth in 1844. It was one of the finest hotels of its day, and it is said to have been designed by Bullfinch, the architect of the State House in Boston.

Back of the house are apple trees over a hundred years old, and a flower garden that is famous throughout this section. So attractive is it that Mr. Wallace Nutting has made a series of colored photographs of it. It is one of those lovely, old-fashioned gardens that are only found in New England.

The house is largely furnished with antiques, and in the parlors may be seen many priceless pieces of Colonial furniture. A very notable collection of banjo clocks is of great interest.

A distinguished feature on the first of August was the special luncheon served to the Presidential party at this famous old hostelry. It was the one exclusive affair of the day. Through the courtesy of the guests of the hotel, the whole house was turned over to the Presidential party during the luncheon hour, and here they enjoyed a real relaxation between the activities of the forenoon and afternoon.

It was interesting to see the tremendous throng that completely surrounded the house to catch another glimpse of the President and his wife, who had so won their hearts during the forenoon.

On the registers of the Samoset House are many distinguished signatures, including

Daniel Webster
William H. Prescott
N. P. Willis
Edward Everett
Samuel I. Tilden
Rufus Choate
Jenny Lind
John Bright, England
Cyrus W. Field
R. B. Hayes
Ulysses S. Grant
Warren G. Harding

Cushman Street, a little to the right of the hotel, leads uphill to Allerton Street. A short walk northward along the latter thoroughfare leads to the grounds, nine acres in extent, surrounding the National Monument to the Pilgrims, which is eighty-one feet high and built entirely of granite. Faith, the central, majestic dominant figure, is thirty-six feet high, and below, seated on four projecting buttresses, are figures representing Morality, Law, Education, and Freedom. Alto-reliefs in fine marble sculpture on the faces of these buttresses show scenes from the history of the Pilgrims—the Departure from Delft-Haven, the Signing of the Social Compact in the cabin of the *Mayflower*, the Landing at Plymouth, and the memorable treaty with Massasoit which preserved the colony. The general inscription reads: "National Monument to the Forefathers. Erected

by a grateful people in remembrance of their labors, sacrifices and sufferings for the cause of civil and religious liberty." On large panels extending to the top of the shaft are the names of the *Mayflower* passengers. The building of the monument was carried through by the Pilgrim Society, and various parts of the memorial were patriotic gifts. The total cost was \$150,000, the subscriptions coming from all over the world.

A few blocks south in Court Street from the entrance to the railroad grounds there stands on the left a hall with Doric portico and a little plat of greensward in front.

grim relics and memorials, antiques and works of art associated with the history of the place. Bringing back, perhaps, even more vividly the past, are the chairs used by Elder Brewster and Governor Carver, brought over by them in the *Mayflower*, and the cradle of Peregrine White, who was born on the *Mayflower* while in Cape Cod harbor. One of the most valued relics is the Damascus blade of Myles Standish, the Arabic inscriptions upon which indicates an origin antedating the Christian era by two centuries. The swords of Governor Carver, Elder Brewster, and other notables vie in interest with John Alden's halberd and the gun that killed King Philip, as well as other antique weapons. An iron pot and a pewter platter owned by Myles Standish, a quilt that belonged to Rose, his wife, his daughter Lorea's "sampler," kettles, canes, candlesticks, baby shoes, a slipper belonging to one of the Pilgrim mothers, and other homely belongings, lend a touch of pathos to the collection.

Most important of all, however, is the oldest state paper in New England—and possibly also in the United States—which has been honored by a glass case by itself, at the head of the hall. This is the patent granted by the Northern Virginia Company, June 1, 1621, "to John Peirce and his associates in trust for the Pilgrim Company." This is the document from which dates all of the English civilization that, planted in New England, has spread over all the nation.

Governor Bradford's Bible is a much revered volume, and another treasure is the commission to Governor Edward Winslow, given by Cromwell. The signature of the Lord Protector was stolen by some vandal, but has been replaced by a genuine



Pilgrim Hall, Plymouth, built in 1824 by the Pilgrim Society

In the rear is a most beautiful garden with a fountain bearing a bronze replica of the *Mayflower*, presented by the National Society of the Daughters of the Revolution. Pilgrim Hall, built in 1824 by the Pilgrim Society, is one of the finest museums in existence, and contains a collection of Pil-

Cromwellian signature, with seal attached, purchased in England.

Just back of a little park, between Russell and South Russell Streets, stands the Plymouth County Court House, which, with its handsome facade, it is difficult to believe

has been standing since 1820. Opposite, on Russell Street, is the fireproof Probate Court and Registry of Deeds building, where are stored some of the earlier records of Plymouth Colony, written by men whose names are household words and whose memory is sacred throughout the nation.

The homely but sagacious economy that ruled their little community is manifested by the rules and orders laid down in some of these documents; the yearly assignment of garden plots, called, from their long sojourn in Holland, "meersteads"; the first imposition of customs dues; the division of cattle into lots, one lot to each family. The beginnings of jury trial are here traced, in an order under the hand of Governor Bradford. Here is the plan of the first street in New England—now called Leyden Street; here, also, is the patent granted the Company by the Earl of Warwick in 1629, and the box in which it crossed the water.

Court Street, as such, ends at North Street. The main thoroughfare, however, continues under the name of Main Street, becoming the principal business street of the town. Turning off Main Street, we follow North Street down to the waterside. It is a typical street of a New England seaport town, with colonial houses on either side, shaded by noble linden trees, planted in 1760, which the historian Bancroft has honored with extended mention.

Winslow Street runs off to the left from North Street. A little way northward on this thoroughfare stands a fine old colonial mansion, built by Edward Winslow, brother to General John Winslow, in 1734, the frame being constructed in England. Two trees, planted by Edward Winslow's daughter in 1760, still shade the dwelling.

water front, is the beautiful and impressive marble canopy erected in 1921 by the Colonial Dames of America, over the very spot where the landing party from the

it has been an object of interest because of its historical associations, it has experienced some strange vicissitudes. Originally a prominent object lying at the surf



Hotel Pilgrim, where President and Mrs. Harding dined on the day when they attended the Pilgrim Pageant in 1921—the only time a President of the United States, while in office, has visited Plymouth

Mayflower set foot on Plymouth Rock. Here, securely guarded from the hands of vandals, and set securely in a concrete bed, lies the most famous and venerated rock in history, where, at high tide, the water of Plymouth harbor creeps about it as it did

line of the shore, about 1749 it was raised from its bed to keep it from being covered when the fill was made for Pilgrim Wharf. In 1775 a portion of the upper part of the Rock was found to be split off, probably from the action of frost. The public mind, then in the first fervor of the Revolution, hailed this as an augury of separation from England, and as a part of a popular demonstration the separated portion was hauled to Town Square and placed at the foot of the liberty pole, where it remained until 1834, when, during the Fourth of July celebration in that year it was placed in front of Pilgrim Hall and surrounded with an iron fence. This fence, which has heraldic curtains bearing the names of the 41 signers of the Social Compact made on board the *Mayflower*, has been moved to the northerly side of the entrance to the Hall, and now surrounds a granite tablet on which is carved the text of the Compact. In 1880, after 105 years of separation from the parent rock, the detached portion was taken back to the waterside and placed in its original position, the two pieces being firmly cemented together.

In 1889, at the time of the dedication of the National Monument, a massive granite canopy of artistic design was erected above it, and here it remained until the Tercentenary Celebration in 1921, when the entire water front was cleared of its unsightly wharves and warehouses and the Rock restored to its original resting place.

The original landing, December 21, 1620, was made by an exploring party, comprising twelve of the Pilgrims and six of the crew of the *Mayflower*, which was coasting Cape Cod Bay in the ship's shallop to find a suitable location for the home of their little colony, the *Mayflower* with the women and the rest of the company having been left in



View from the Hotel Pilgrim, showing Club House and Rocky Point, around which the Pilgrim Fathers sailed before landing at Plymouth

From North Street, also, near its lower end, Carver Street branches and skirts the brow of Cole's Hill on the right, descending the hill into Water Street, which as its name implies, follows the shore line of Plymouth harbor. On this street, directly facing Cole's Hill, and standing on the actual

on that historic day, three centuries ago, when the Pilgrims landed. It has been pointed out by one generation to another since the early days of the plantation, and its identity as the Rock of Landing has been preserved beyond question.

During the three hundred years in which

Provincetown Harbor. Among these explorers were three men whose names have gone into history with the title Governor prefixed—Carver, Bradford and Edward

Carver Streets, is marked with a bronze tablet. Governor Bradford's house stood on the right, just as we enter Town Square, and a tablet on a modern store and office

torate of John Robinson of the Pilgrim Church. Close by it, on the right hand side of the square, is the Congregational "Church of the Pilgrimage," of the lineage and faith



The beautiful old-fashioned flower garden of the Samoset House



The "old-fashioned" parlor in the Samoset House, with Colonial antiques

Winslow—as well as the redoubtable Captain Myles Standish.

Above the Rock rises Cole's Hill. The little plateau on its top commands a fine view of the harbor and looks out over Cape Cod Bay. Two broad flights of stone steps lead down the slope to Water Street. On this "little field overlooking the sea" were buried, during the first winter, almost half the members of the Pilgrim band. The graves were leveled and grain planted above them, that the Indians might not know the extent of the loss the little colony had sustained.

The bones of the Pilgrims removed from the graves discovered at various times on Cole's Hill and preserved in a copper casket under the roof of the arch erected over Plymouth Rock in 1889, have been reinterred in the original burying ground under a massive granite block appropriately marked, and bearing the names of those who died during the first winter, erected in their memory by the Original Society of Mayflower Descendants. Thus the little burying ground has been made forever sacred.

Nearby, on the brow of the hill, stands the heroic bronze figure of Massasoit, gazing under uplifted hand out across the harbor, as though watching for the coming of the Pilgrims. This statue, presented by the Red Men of America, was dedicated with impressive ceremonies during the Tercenary exercises—additional interest being given to the event by the presence of his last living descendant, the aged Indian princess now living on a small remnant of the original tribal acres on the shore of Assawompsett Pond.

Below the southern brow of Cole's Hill is Leyden Street, running upward from the water, crossing Main Street and terminating in Town Square. Originally "First Street," and later known as "Great or Broad Street," it took its present name in 1823. Along it the Pilgrims had their allotments of land and built their primitive cabins. The site of their "common house," just below the present junction of Leyden and

building marks the spot today. The lot assigned to William Brewster, "Elder Brewster," the spiritual teacher of the Pilgrims, is the present site of the new Federal Building containing the Postoffice and Custom House. "Brewster Pilgrim Spring" comes out below the building, on the bank of Town Brook, and supplies a handsome public drinking fountain on the Town lot at the corner of Main and Leyden Streets, the water being sent up by electric power.

Town Brook comes down to the sea between Cole's Hill on the north and Watson's Hill on the south. The presence of this "very sweet brook" of the early chroniclers, with its "many delicate springs," with the near neighborhood of considerable cleared land, determined the Pilgrims in their choice of a site for their settlement.

Before the Water Street bridge was built, good-sized schooners used to come up into the broad estuary, which the Pilgrims used as a haven for their boats as the settlement grew.

Town Brook early proved of great value to the settlers for the shad and alewives that it yielded; and it was in following this stream up to its source that the Pilgrim Billington discovered the beautiful lake that he mistook, on account of its extent, for the open ocean, and which has since borne the name "Billington Sea."

The first "meeting-house" stood on the north side of Town Square, near the site of Governor Bradford's house, with its spacious stockade. It was erected in 1638, the Fathers having worshipped previous to that time in the log fort that stood a little distance above, on Burial Hill. In those early days the devout Pilgrims took their matchlocks to meeting and during service a sentinel kept watch for Indians from the roof. In 1643 a watch-tower was built northerly from the fort.

Two churches today front on Town Square. At the head of the Square the "First Church in Plymouth" maintains its records unbroken since the days of the pas-

of the Forefathers. Opposite this is the Town House, in continuous use since its construction for a court house in 1749, taking the place of the colonial Council House. It contains most of the town offices, and was bought by the town in 1820, when the present Court House was built.

Burial Hill rises behind and above the First Church edifice. Here are the graves of Governor Bradford, with a marble shaft to his memory, of Elder Brewster, and many others of note in the early days, who survived that first grim winter. Here, too, we find a marble tablet marking the spot where stood the old fort, built in 1621, mounting four cannon on its roof and used as a place of worship as well as of defense. A tablet also designates the site of the watch tower erected in 1643.

The oldest stone on Burial Hill is that of Edward Gray, who died in 1681. One of the earliest graves is that of John Howland, the last of the Pilgrims, who died in Plymouth. His death occurred February 23, 1672-3, but his gravestone is comparatively modern, having been erected by Howland descendants in replacement of the original gravestones.

Other interesting memorials are those to Dr. Francis Le Baron, "the Nameless Nobleman" of Mrs. Jane G. Austen's novel, the Reverend Adoniram Judson, the celebrated missionary to Burmah, who was buried at sea, the tall granite monument to Robert Cushman, the simple shaft to Governor Bradford, and also the gravestones of his family.

The commanding character of Burial Hill determined its selection for the early defenses. The location of the fort was probably chosen by the sagacious Standish, and commanded Leyden Street and the path from the brook. Across the brook is Watson's Hill, one of the favorite camp sites of the Indians, and here began the negotiations with the natives which culminated in the treaty with Massasoit, April 1, 1621. Just south of the little pond formed by the widening of Town Brook—a little way across the

bridge that carries Main Street extension over the stream—is the old Training Green—a pretty, well-kept square, on which is the monument in memory of soldiers and sailors of Plymouth who died in the Civil War.

Beyond lie suburbs of Plymouth known as Chiltonville and Manomet, both summer resorts well known by visitors and sportsmen. Chiltonville, in King Philip's war, was the scene of an Indian massacre, taking place on a Sunday, in which eleven persons were killed.

Plymouth boasts some fine old houses. Not unnaturally, the architecture shows the influence of the earlier settlers, who, being English in their origin, gave a quaint English aspect to their homes. Here are fine old dwellings placed at the very edge of the sidewalk, just as they may be seen in some old English towns. The Howland house, in Sandwich Street, was built by Jacob Mitchell in 1666. The Howland descendants a few years ago purchased the house to use as a place for annual meetings, and put it in condition to be visited by the public. The oldest is the William Crow house, built in 1664, the original portion being now the ell. The Howland and Crow houses are the only ones standing in Plymouth today in which members of the Mayflower party are known to have been. The William Harlow house, dating from 1677, was built partly of material taken from the old fort on Burial Hill. General John Winslow, whose portrait, in the scarlet uniform of the British Army, hangs in Pilgrim Hall, and who was second in command of the expedition that removed the Acadians from Nova Scotia, lived in a house built in 1730, which still stands at the corner of Main and North Streets.

More than 100,000 visitors come to Plymouth every summer, attracted not solely by the historic character of the place. As a summer resort, it enjoys a popularity based upon its merits as a vacation ground.



National Monument erected in 1889 by popular subscription through the efforts of the Pilgrim Society

The scenery shares the beauty of both sea-shore and picturesque inland country. The harbor and bay, at the very doors of the town, offer a field for aquatic sports, being

taken under a sense of obligation. It is an excursion that, taken in quest of inspiration, or merely for the pleasures of sight-seeing, will be filled with keen satisfaction every



Photo copyrighted by A. S. Burbank, Plymouth

The first street in New England—Leyden Street, Plymouth

particularly suited for the navigation of small craft, both of sail and motor type. There is good sea-fishing, cod and haddock running in season, and tautog, which find their natural feeding ground on the rocky bottoms a little way off shore, provide fine sport. "Trailing" for pollock is highly popular. The "Plymouth clam gardens" are doing an immense business in the cultivation of this excellent shell-fish. Lobsters make the deep waters offshore their habitat, but during the spring and early summer are found inshore. Mackerel at times run in good sized schools.

There are more than two hundred lakes and ponds in Plymouth township. "Billington Sea" is a show point that is the pride of Plymouth, and because of its beauty is a desirable spot for a visit. The drive to it leads through Morton Park, an attractive woodland pleasure ground of two hundred acres belonging to the town, maintained in an unspoiled natural state and bordering on both Little Pond and "Billington Sea." In the local ponds are bass, pickerel and perch, and in season there is good hunting of shore birds.

This part of the South Shore is a motorist's paradise, and a delightful trip by auto from Boston, a fine state road leading through Plymouth to Cape Cod.

Plymouth is a heritage of all Americans. The scenes and reminders of the early struggles of the Forefathers are invested with interest for every citizen of the United States, whether or not a descendant of the Pilgrims. Indeed, every English-speaking person has an interest in the foundations of civil liberty here laid.

To Americans a visit to Plymouth is a patriotic pilgrimage to a national shrine; and it is not a dull pilgrimage, to be under-

hour and minute of the stay. The traveler turns his back on Plymouth with regret that he cannot remain longer to see and hear more things pertaining to the early days, and departs with the determination to return, and devote more time to the contemplation of memorials that never diminish in significance.

Anyone for whom a vacation sojourn in Plymouth is impracticable will find a days' ramble amid its historic scenes an outing entirely out of the ordinary. He will be rewarded with an opportunity to compare the pictures that his imagination has formed of famous places with the actualities—and the comparison will not prove disappointing. It will be an experience to which his memory will often revert, as a significant episode in his life.

This poem by Herbert Randall expresses something of the feeling that draws one to this quaint, delightful and historic old town.

THE OLD ROAD DOWN TO PLYMOUTH

"The old road down to Plymouth can never change for me:

In vagabond abandon it roams a century—
Braids through the dusky mornings, and evening's afterglow,
An iridescent sunbeam, no matter where I go.

"The old road down to Plymouth leads from a farmhouse door—

Leads like a jewelled ribbon, a thousand miles or more;

The door has lost its hinges, the barn has tumbled down,
But the old road down to Plymouth, the only road in town,

"Winds in and out the bluets, the butterflies and hay;

I've sometimes made the journey a dozen times a day—

And yonder lies the vision, a sheltered calm retreat,
For the old road down to Plymouth is a balm for weary feet."

*"And binding Nature fast in fate
Left free the human will."*

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER—POPE

Plymouth Strands That Entwine *the* World

Here in the setting of historic Pilgrimland, the enduring web of modern industry is spun, blended with the traditions of our forebears. The Plymouth Cordage Company is the greatest producer of rope in existence

ALL up and down Pilgrimland it was recognized that the Tercentenary Celebration held at Plymouth last year had an influence in increasing the influx of summer visitors. Plymouth Rock seemed a little closer to the American people than ever before, after that memorable celebration where a president of the United States for the first time visited Plymouth during his official term of office.

The celebration itself was proof that the old spirit of the Pilgrim fathers still lived. The good people of Plymouth met the responsibilities and proved equal to the great occasion. The people of Pilgrimland recognized that one great factor in the success of this eventful occasion was the co-operation of the Plymouth Cordage Company, the largest industrial enterprise in the Cape Cod region.

The Cordage Company was established in 1824. The first announcement, an advertisement in a Boston paper, reflects the spirit of a business that has been maintained since Bourne Spooner in 1824 decided that he was going to make rope that held fast, and the best rope that could be made for use aboard the sailing ships or in any trade.

It was significant that among the first things the Pilgrims brought to Plymouth was a piece of rope, the painter of their Shallop, which gives a traditional appropriateness to the location and the fact that the largest industry in Plymouth has ever been the making of rope. In fact, it is the largest cordage works in the world, and stands out in its field with a distinction as definite as that in which its environs is enhaloed.

The Loring family have for successive generations been identified with the company, but it was Gideon Holmes, Plymouth born, who in the fifty years of his association with and management of the corporation, brought it to the forerank as an industrial institution. Gideon Holmes loved his work



The late Gideon F. Holmes entered the Company's service, March 28, 1859, and became treasurer and general manager, September 12, 1882. He celebrated his fiftieth anniversary of service with the Company in 1909



THE home of the Plymouth Cordage Hospitality Club was founded to welcome to Plymouth the thousands of friends and customers of the Plymouth Cordage Company. At the close of the Pilgrim Tercentenary celebration this building became the center of community life of the thousands of employees and their families

and his fellow-men. He had a few simple rules of life and living, and he lived up to them to the dot of an "i" and the crossing of a "t," with all the tenacity of a New

England conscience. He worked and lived among workers. The house where he lived looks out upon Plymouth harbor. Through an open field across the road that he preserved as a garden in the midst of the growing town is the first clear glimpse of the harbor as one rides down old Court Street into Plymouth.

In the house adjoining his later residence his son, Mr. F. C. Holmes, still lives, carrying on the work of his father as treasurer and general manager of the corporation. The institution has been noted for its consideration of employees, and every young man in Plymouth seems to feel that the first thing to do is to get a position with the Cordage Company.

During the Tercentenary Celebration the Company provided a Hospitality House, and did much toward entertaining the thousands of visitors who came to the Mayflower city.

From far-off lands the hemp is brought to the same shores that the *Mayflower* touched. At the start, a day's work was from sun-up to sun-down, for a day's work included all the daylight. It was literally a day's work. Now the workmen of the Plymouth Cordage Company have advantages surpassing those of the landed proprietors and employers themselves in Colonial times. The children of people representing many races attend the same schools as those of the descendants of the Pilgrims.

The Cordage Company has been an educational force that has assumed its full responsibilities in aiding in the assimilation of the peoples from all parts of the earth into a substantial citizenship of real Americans.

In his poem, "The Ropewalk," Longfellow describes the earlier scenes and romance of the development of the present cordage plant at Plymouth.

Human spiders spin and spin
Backward down the threads so thin
Dropping each, a hempen bulk.



Plant of the Plymouth Cordage Company at North Plymouth—largest of its kind in the world

The great Recreation Pier of the Creator

Under Summer Skies on Cape Cod

High lights gathered in the fifteen towns of Pilgrim Land, whose thoughtful preservation of reminders of the early days make them veritable storehouses of our nation's history and traditions

THERE is no other spot in any land quite like Cape Cod. Here—facing upon four seas, swept by cooling breezes on every hand, traversed by winding woodland ways and dotted with myriad ponds pellucid clear, with wind-swept hills and bosky dells, with far-flung sandy shores and towering cliffs—lies a land of varied and surpassing scenic beauty, endowed with a historic past and wrapped in a glamour of old traditions such as few other spots can boast.

Land where the shy arbutus hides its sweetness in the dewy woods and a thousand hidden joys allure an army of Nature lovers to explore its beauty spots when the countryside lies dreaming under the summer skies.

* * *

"DOWN ON THE CAPE"

WHERE lies the town of Bourne, stretching between the waters of Buzzard's Bay on the west and Cape Cod Bay on the east, here begins Cape Cod—an island now, because of the Canal through which the coastwise shipping creeps to escape the long and oftentimes dangerous course around the Cape. So long ago as 1630 the narrowness of the strip of land at the very beginning of Cape Cod suggested the digging of a canal, but not until 1914 did it become an accomplished fact.

Old charts of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries show the locations of possible routes considered by the Pilgrims, whose long residence in the Netherlands had taught them the convenience of canals.

At Bourne, the threshold to the Cape, we come at once in contact with the quaint traditions that lend such charm to the whole Cape country. The town was named for Jonathan Bourne, evangelist to the Indians, who began his labors in 1658, and whose descendants live still on a portion of the land presented to him by its aboriginal owners. This good and godly man—a friend of Eliot—preached to all the Indians from Middleboro to Provincetown, and taught nearly a hundred and fifty of the red men to read the Eliot Bible. He had at one time more than a thousand "praying Indians" under his tutelage in twenty-two localities on the Cape, and finally went to live with the Indians at Mashpee, where he died after a long and exalted life of patient and loving labor among his chosen people.

Half way between Bourne and the railway station at Buzzard's Bay, on the south bank of the Manomet river, are the remains of the trading post established by the Pilgrims in 1627, where they exchanged sugar and linen stuffs and other goods with the Dutch of New Amsterdam and the colonists of Virginia.

To this place, in 1756, came in sailing boats the last fugitive band of the Acadians who had been driven by the British from the Annapolis Valley. The whole ninety souls, last remnant of the seven thousand helpless men, women and children, whose heart-rending story is told by Longfellow in "Evangeline," seem to have been absorbed, obliterated in the various towns on the Cape where they were distributed in lots for "safe keeping."

No trace of them remains upon Cape Cod. Their boats were sold eventually by the court, and history is silent as to their end.

* * *

CAPE COD'S OLDEST TOWN

SANDWICH, named after a seaport in Kent, claims the honor of being the oldest of the Cape towns. Here, in 1637, ten men from Saugus, who had been granted permission by the court at Plymouth to "have the liberty to view a place to sit down in, and have sufficient land for threescore families," selected their place of residence.

Soon after the settlement was begun, the Plymouth Colony sent Myles Standish and John Alden to set forth the "bounds of the land granted them," and the little town began the decorous career that has lasted to the present time—for nowhere on Cape Cod has the progress of time wrought fewer changes than in Sandwich town.

History records but one blot on Sandwich's fair escutcheon. Cape Cod was free of the witchcraft mania that swept the North Shore with such virulence, but her behavior toward the Quakers was quite as shocking in its way as the hangings on Gallows Hill in Salem. And because there happened to be more Quakers in Sandwich than in the other towns upon the Cape, there was correspondingly more persecution. The laws against Quakers were very cruel—and they were cruelly enforced. If the heavy fines inflicted failed to teach them the error of their ways, they were flogged, banished, and their ears cut off!

At Sandwich are the glass works which, when established in 1825, were among the largest in the world, and interesting specimens of Sandwich glass are to be seen in Cape Cod parlors. Colored goblets, engraved pitchers and quaint little glass animals in their natural colors, blown inside a glass bell, are cherished still in many homes.

Many of the prairie schooners which crossed the plains in the gold rush of '49 were built at Sagamore—which is a part of the town of Sandwich—by Isaac Keith, whose original wagon factory has grown into the largest freight-car plant in New England.

The turpentine industry that flourished once in Sandwich has vanished with the

pinetrees that have fallen before the flames that have so often ravaged the forests on the Cape. Where once the tall and stately pines reared their tasselled heads, the hardy scrub oak now is found.

As Sandwich is the oldest town upon the Cape, it is quite fitting that here should



There are many beautiful land-locked harbors along the shores of the Cape where sailing is a safe and delightful pastime

have stood what was said to be the oldest house still standing in America—the Thomas Tupper House, which was built in 1637.

Seven generations of his name lived there successively for two hundred and sixty-seven years, and the Tupper Family Association, descendants from this "man from Saugus," had just finished restoring the old homestead to perpetuate his memory when it was burned down.

The quaint, delightful Daniel Webster Inn, where the "Godlike Daniel" used to stop when on his frequent fishing trips to the Cape, is situated in Sandwich, and Joseph Jefferson's grave, marked by a great rough boulder, is in the cemetery by the side of the country road.

* * *

CAPE COD'S COUNTY SEAT

CAPE COD comprises the entire county of Barnstable, of which the town of Barnstable is the county seat—the shire town of Pilgrim Land. To a stranger on the Cape, the colloquial use of the word "town" is often puzzling. There are fifteen "towns" upon Cape Cod, the largest of which is Barnstable, and the smallest Provincetown—each town containing a number of villages or "neighborhoods," with

distinctive names and separate post-offices of their own; and quite often important railway stations. Thus, Hyannis with its fashionable shops, imposing station, wide and beautiful main street and metropolitan

Cod, and here also most of the Finns are gathered. There are Catholic churches in Barnstable with exclusively Portuguese attendance, and Protestant ones where only Finns are the communicants.

Barnstable was the home of Priscilla Mullen, the heroine of Longfellow's poem, "The Courtship of Miles Standish," and of James Otis, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

While delving into the annals of this old town, we get a glimpse of an all-but-forgotten chapter in the history of Massachusetts, written in the days when the institution of slavery flourished within its borders. The will of John Bacon, of Barnstable, made in 1730, bequeaths to his wife the "use and improvement" of the slave Dinah for her lifetime, and if "at the death of my said wife, Dinah be still living, I direct my executors to sell her, and to use and improve the money for which she is sold in the purchase of Bibles and distribute them equally among my said wife's and my grandchildren."

Originally known as "Great Marshes," from its wide sweep of marshes, a living green in the summer time and golden russet in the fall, Barnstable was later named in memory of the seaport in Devonshire near the Bristol Channel, but the name of the young Indian sachem, Iyannough, who first welcomed the white men to that locality, is perpetuated by the village of Hyannis—which came to its present musical adaptation of the Indian syllables through the modifications of his name into Janno, Ianno and Hyanno.

From the top of Shoot Flying Hill, five miles from Hyannis, on any clear day a panoramic view of all Cape Cod may be obtained, and also of the mainland as far away as Plymouth.

CAPE COD METHODISTS

YARMOUTH, which takes its name from a seaport in Norfolk, England, is the third oldest town on the Cape, founded in 1639, with a stirring Revolutionary history, and vivid memories of the

old whaling and seafaring days. In the days of sailing ships, Yarmouth was famous for its able seamen, who voyaged on the seven seas, and became ship's officers and acquired great wealth in the roaring days of the whaling industry and the India and China trade. The town's complacent air of easy-going comfort today is a resultant of the wealth that has been handed down to the descendants of those bluff old ship's captains who helped to make the fame of America's merchant marine known round the world.

Traditions of its brave seafaring days still linger round the town, and straggling lines of rotting piles mark where once stood the wharves from which its mackerel fleet was wont to sail a score of years ago.

But it is because of its being the great

camp-meeting center of Cape Cod that Yarmouth is best known today. Here, for a week each year, a great congregation gathers in Millenium Grove and gives fresh impetus to the progress of Methodism throughout New England. Since 1863 these meetings have been held at Yarmouth without interruption. For thirty years before that time they were held at Eastham, from which place the history of Methodism on Cape Cod really starts.

In the early days the people on Cape Cod took their religion seriously. What they wanted was, as Southey said, "religion in earnest," and, by easy-going modern standards, that was what they got. Austere meeting houses, devoid of every creature comfort, and impassioned preaching by zealous exhorters, induced an atmosphere wherein a rock-ribbed religion flourished.

The multitude of white-spired churches that dot the scattered villages throughout the Cape country are monuments to a sturdy and simple faith that has sustained a sturdy and simple people for many generations.

* * *

A LITTLE KNOWN CORNER OF CAPE COD

ORIGINALLY included within the boundaries of Barnstable township, but incorporated as a separate town in 1870, Mashpee has experienced a variegated sequence of experiments in government.

In this quaint little village live today the descendants of the red men for whom, in 1650, the Commonwealth of Massachusetts set aside several thousand acres of land as a reservation on condition that "no Indian should sell or white man buy of an Indian, any land without a license first obtained from the General Court."

The sense of guardianship proved to be repugnant to a people innately independent, and defiance of its restrictions resulted in the Mashpee tribe being granted management of its own affairs in 1693—a privilege that was revoked after three years of unsatisfactory experiments in self government. In 1763 it became incorporated into a district by an act of the General Court that was repeated in 1788. When, in 1870, the plantation was finally incorporated into a town, there was not a single pure-blooded Indian left alive to enjoy the privilege of sending their own representative to the Legislature.

The ecclesiastical history of Mashpee has been as tranquil as its civil history has been disturbed. Since 1630, when Jonathan Bourne began his evangelizing of the Indians, there has been an unbroken line of preachers, and in 1790 it had the only organized Indian church in Massachusetts, endowed by the will of an English clergyman who left his estate in England to Harvard College on "condition that sixty pounds per annum be allowed to two persons of prudence and piety to preach in the English plantations for the good of what pagans and blacks may be neglected there."

Though the Indian language has not been spoken there for a generation, and the last full-blooded Indian in Mashpee died in 1793, its inhabitants still prefer to be called Indians, and the characteristic physiognomy and carriage of the red man and the aquiline nose and straight-black hair, still persist in



(1) The shore at Hyannisport (3) The harbor front of Harwichport
(2) A characteristic scene in Truro (4) The shore at Popponesset

air, is a village in the town of Barnstable. Buzzard's Bay is a railway center and a well-known summer resort, famous for years as the summer home of Joseph Jefferson and Grover Cleveland, but geographically a "neighborhood" in the town of Bourne, as is Pocasset and Cataumet and Monument Beach. So, too, Wood's Hole, home of the Marine Biological Station, distinguished in the last century as a whaling port, now the terminus of the railway, and the point from which the boats to Nantucket and New Bedford and Martha's Vineyard depart, is a part of Falmouth.

Barnstable might well be called the "melting pot" of the Cape. Excepting only Provincetown, it has more "Bravas" among its population than any other town on Cape

the offspring of heterogeneous Indian, Portuguese, and Negro parentage that now comprises its population.

Mashpee is no longer a reservation, and its inhabitants are no longer Indians, but it is, nevertheless, a quaint and interesting locality, well worth a visit from anyone in search of picturesque types and old traditions.

* * *

THE HOME OF THE CRANBERRY

WHILE the wild cranberry has always grown freely in certain sections on Cape Cod, it was Henry Hall, an inhabitant of Dennis, who first began to cultivate it more than eighty years ago. Since his first experiments with the cultivation of the piquant berry that resulted in the whole population of Dennis soon becoming enthusiastic cranberry raisers, the industry has been reduced almost to an exact science, and now produces a revenue of several millions of dollars per year for the inhabitants of the Cape.

Cranberries and Cape Cod have been linked together since 1677, when the loyal subjects of Charles the Second in Massachusetts presented His Gracious Majesty with ten barrels of the wild berries, together with three thousand codfish and two hogsheds of samp.

The industry of salt making upon Cape Cod began also in Dennis when, in 1776, Captain John Sears constructed the first salt vat and began experimenting with solar evaporation of sea-water. Like most inventors, he was laughed at for a visionary and his first failures held up to scorn, his salt works being popularly known as "Sears' Folly," but within a few years his experiments brought success and competition in the new industry became so intense that in the year 1855 there were a hundred and sixty-five salt manufactories on Cape Cod, with an annual output of thirty-four thousand bushels.

All over the Cape, but especially in Dennis, where eighty-five salt manufactories were in operation, there stood on the hills which overlooked the sea windmills which pumped sea-water into wooden vats for the making of salt. The thousands of tourists who purchase the gay little wooden windmills for sale along the road-side at many points on the Cape little realize that they are buying souvenirs of a vanished industry.

Three hundred and fifty gallons of sea water were required to make a bushel of salt, which in 1783 sold for eight dollars a bushel. The General Court encouraged the manufacture by offering a bounty of three shillings for every bushel produced, and at one time more than two millions of dollars were invested in the salt works on the Cape.

Dennis, at the close of the Civil War, had a fishing fleet of forty-eight vessels, and a coastwise fleet of eighty-five. Nearly twelve hundred men sailed then from this port, which for years was famous for its maritime history. Here many fast clipper ships were built by the Shivericks, the foremost shipbuilders on Cape Cod. Some of their vessels became noted for their swift-voyages between Calcutta and the Golden Gate.

Dennis extends from Cape Cod Bay to Nantucket Sound, and is a town of ponds. On Scargo Hill, the highest point of land on

Cape Cod, an observatory has been built, from which, on a clear day, Martha's Vineyard can be seen across the Sound.

From the bluff back of the mile-long bathing beach of firm white sand on the Bay-side of the town a view of Provincetown can be had, nearly twenty miles to the north, while on the left the Plymouth coast is visible.

* * *

AT THE BEND OF THE CAPE

BREWSTER was originally the North Parish of Harwich. The town was named for Elder William Brewster of the *Mayflower* band. It forms the bend of Cape Cod, and while it has no adequate harbor has always been a town of seafaring men. More ship-masters engaged in the foreign trade went from the town of Brewster than from any other place in the country in proportion to its size. In 1850, at the height of its prosperity, more than fifty shipmasters called this town "home."

Mementoes of their journeys to far-off foreign parts may still be seen in many Brewster homes. Old china, quaint armor, rare Canton crepe shawls, India silks and strange foreign curios, brought from across the sea by ship captains and sailormen in years gone by delight the visitors of today.

During the War of 1812 the inhabitants of the town raised four thousand dollars at the demand of a British commander as the price of immunity from invasion and destruction of their town.

Brewster has an air of quiet prosperity and thrift, and in its architecture perpetuates the typical Cape Cod homesteads patterned after the simple Devon or Cornish cottages from whence its earliest settlers came.

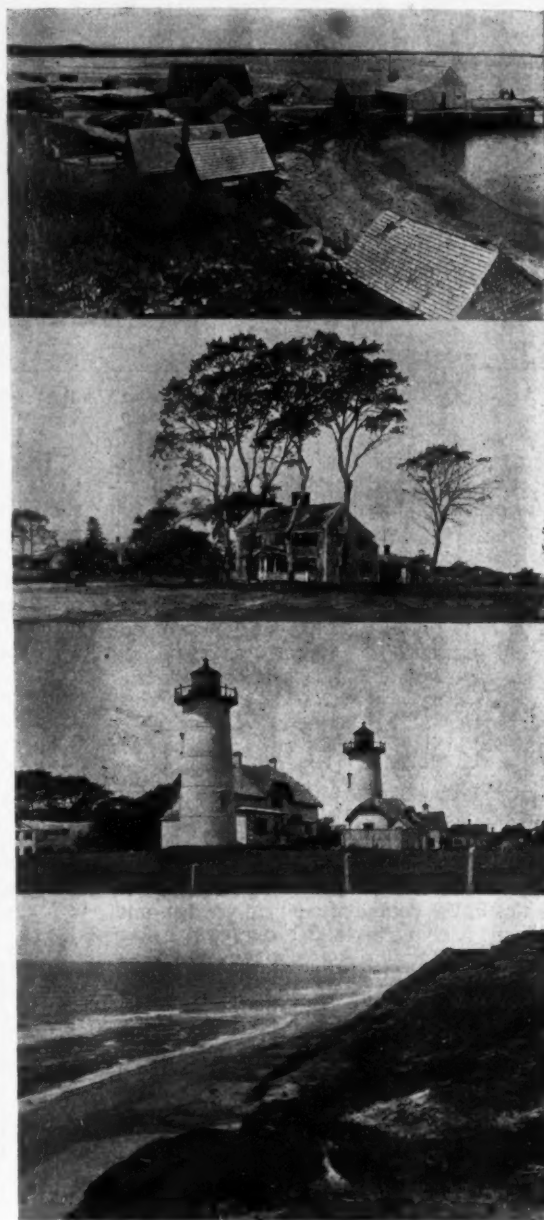
The town owns a herring brook and appoints a committee at the annual town meeting to catch and dispose of the fish. Often in former years the yield was as high as three hundred barrels a year—not an inconsiderable source of income as a bounty from the sea.

* * *

A CENTER OF EDUCATION

THE educational record of Harwich is one of which to be justly proud. The first vocational course offered in America was offered here at Brook's Seminary—a course in navigation. The Seminary was founded in the year 1844 by Sidney Brooks, who served as its head for about twenty-two years. In 1883 it became the town high school, and still maintains a high record among pedagogical institutions. Before the enactment of the Act of 1911, providing for the establishment of agricultural departments in high schools under State aid and supervision, Harwich petitioned the Board of Education for such a department, which was established in 1912, the third in the State, and

the first in Barnstable county, and has helped to further the development of agriculture on the Cape. At the Panama Pacific Exposition, Harwich won the Vocational Exhibit Grand Prize for Massachusetts.



(1) The fishing village at Chatham
(2) A typical Cape Cod farmhouse at Dennis
(3) The famed twin lights at Chatham
(4) The cliffs at Highland Light

Besides its exceptional high school, Harwich boasts of having the largest and finest town hall and theatre on Cape Cod, and the finest village park. There is a fine harbor for yachts and small craft, and at Harwich Port and West Harwich are splendid bathing beaches.

There are more than ninety miles of finely kept highways in Harwich, which are a delight to the automobilist because of the beautifully wooded country which they traverse.

Originally the chief resource of Harwich, named for the old port in Essex County, England, was fishing, and its inhabitants

had their working capital invested in vessels built on the banks of Herring River, which borders the town. Now its chief industry is caring for the summer people who find

The Commonwealth of Massachusetts appropriated ten thousand dollars towards the project, and the local authorities provided the remaining six thousand dollars.

The dyke is nine hundred feet long, twenty-two feet wide at the top, with a height of seventy feet above low water. It is an embankment of sand, protected by a coating of marsh sod three feet thick. The top of the dyke is used as a road to reach locations for summer residences.

The work of constructing the dyke was carried out by Channing Howard under direction of the Board of Harbor and Land Commissioners.

The results have far surpassed expectations. The construction of the dyke and the draining of the marshes have made the mosquito more of a curiosity than a pest. The success of this enterprise has emancipated this section of the Cape from the discomforts that followed when the salt marshes were deserted by the farmers who, with the coming of the railroad, were able to purchase better hay and fodder from inland, and were not dependent as formerly upon the salt marshes.

The success of the dyke at Wellfleet means much to other communities afflicted with the mosquito pests. With dykes to exclude tide water and oil spread upon the surface of all stagnant pools to prevent its eggs from hatching, the days of the mosquito are numbered. The dyke is, in a small way, as important an achievement in engineering

Republic from the wilderness, are entitled to some consideration in the way of public improvements from the great nation which they have helped to build, and for whose betterment they have contributed toward improvements in other sections of the country over a taxation period of nearly two centuries.

WHERE THE QUAKERS FOUND REFUGE

QUITE in contrast to the treatment accorded them in other Cape towns, and particularly in Sandwich, the mild and inoffensive Quakers found a safe and pleasant home in the town of Falmouth, whose inhabitants not only tolerated, but welcomed them—even going to the unheard-of length of freeing them of the customary minister's tax.

They still maintain their unadorned gray meeting house on the State road into Falmouth, with its open carriage sheds, now mostly filled with autos on a Sunday during service, and its quiet little graveyard on the slope of the hill where all the small gray stones are uniform in pattern—emblems of their lack of worldly pomp and circumstance.

Falmouth has an air of having had its face washed and its hair combed very early in the day and being sent out to play with a strict injunction not to be rough or noisy and not to get its nice new shoes all dusty. It is by way of being very prosperous, in a quiet, quite decorous way, ranking sixth in wealth among all the towns of the Old Bay State—though it is rather puzzling to determine where all her money came from, as the town has never been conspicuous in commercial or maritime undertakings, as have many other of the Cape towns.

Nevertheless, Falmouth is thrifty and prosperous, and a rather conspicuous example of a New England town of the better class—dignified, sedate and beautiful.



Automobile tourists find the Chequeset Inn at Wellfleet an unique and delightful place to stop

Here such a delightful combination of wooded roads and sparkling sea and beautiful beaches.

HOME OF THE QUAHAUG PIE

WELLFLEET, established originally as a fishing village, has sustained a consistent reputation for its prowess on the sea since long before its separation from the town of Eastham in 1763. Wellfleet men are seamen and fishermen by inheritance. In the old whaling days the town had a fleet of a hundred vessels, built in her own yards from her own timber and manned by her own men, and sent the first whaling expedition to the Falkland Islands. The renowned Jesse Holbrook of Wellfleet in Revolutionary times killed fifty-two sperm whales in the course of a single voyage, and William McKay in 1882 brought in a fare of codfish amounting to 4062 quintals—worth twenty-two thousand dollars. These two records are the high marks in Wellfleet's fishing industry, but she still holds an honored place in the off-shore fisheries, and her shellfish are excellent and abundant.

Oysters are shipped in large quantities to Boston, and clams, quahaugs, scallops and mussels, lobsters and crabs, find their way from Wellfleet to favoring markets, or are cooked in native fashion for the delectation of the summer visitor. Who has not eaten a Wellfleet quahaug pie has missed a rare epicurean delight.

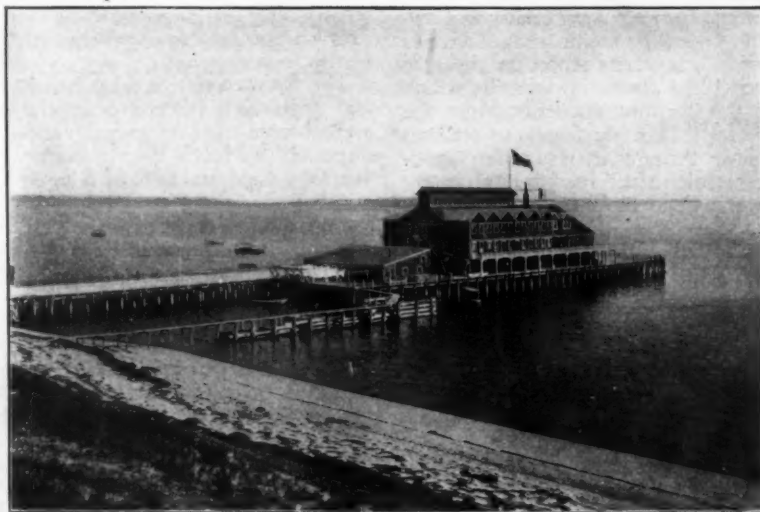
At Wellfleet is the Marconi wireless station, established in 1903, the first high-powered installation in this country, with a range of sixteen hundred miles. Press matter and long-distance messages are sent from this station every night.

Many Wellfleet farmers are growing prosperous from the cultivation of asparagus—but fishing and summer visitors are the main industries.

One of the most successful contests against mosquitoes was waged at Wellfleet. Through the efforts of Mr. Lorenzo D. Baker, a dyke was built at Herring River to exclude tide water that was commented on at great length in the *Engineering News* as a noteworthy triumph in reclaiming marsh lands from the winged pests.

as the irrigation dams of the west—and the digging of the Canal, indicates what can be done in the way of reclaiming large areas on Cape Cod for habitation and cultivation.

It indicates that the inhabitants of Cape Cod, where the Pilgrims struggled to carve a



Chequeset Inn at Wellfleet is built on the end of a substantial and spacious pier directly over the water of beautiful Wellfleet Bay, and affords a commanding view of both sea and land

It is very popular with a rather exclusive class of summer folks who find in and around Falmouth many quiet and delightful spots in which to pass the season. Falmouth Heights, North Falmouth and Hatchville all partake of the dignified prosperity of

their mother town, and Chapaquoit is one of the most fashionable resorts along this portion of the Atlantic coast.

The rose gardens, just outside of Wood's Hole, are a wonderful sight when in bloom, and attract visitors from all over the country and from Europe—horticultural enthusiasts who come to study the methods of their cultivation and to place their orders for the bushes.

At Wood's Hole itself, the point of departure of the boats for Nantucket and New Bedford and Martha's Vineyard, is the Marine Biological Station where hundreds of strange and curious fish may be viewed at close range in the glass tanks of the aquarium. Millions of cod, flounders and mackerel are taken from the hatchery here each season and carefully planted in the adjacent waters along the coast to help maintain the fisheries for which Massachusetts is famous.

LOVELIEST OF ALL CAPE TOWNS

CHATHAM, situated on the elbow of Cape Cod, the most easterly point in the State of Massachusetts, is the loveliest, and in some respects, the most interesting town on the Cape. Champlain came here in 1606—fourteen years before the Pilgrims landed at Provincetown.

Its shore is broken by bays, creeks, harbors and inlets, making an irregular coastline of nearly twenty miles, where every step along its winding course opens up some new vista of delight. But, for all its beauty, Chatham marks the most perilous spot of a perilous coast. Before the Canal was cut across the Cape, its name was a dreaded nightmare to the skippers and sailormen of the coastwise shipping—and even now not a year goes by without its record of wrecks on Monomoy.

In generations past, hundreds of vessels, small and large, and thousands of lives have been sacrificed on the cruel coast where the resistless sea lashes itself into fury on the jagged scattered rocks along that dreaded shore-line from Monomoy to Peaked Hill Bars.

There is no connected official record of the disasters on this coast previous to the establishment of the United States Life-Saving Service in 1872, but among the town records and the local histories and traditions handed down by word of mouth is told an almost unbelievable tale of tragedy and death.

In spite of the great number of sea disasters along the whole "pitch of the Cape," as the stretch from Chatham to Provincetown is called, previous to 1872 the only agent of rescue on this coast was the Massachusetts Humane Society—a private charity established in 1786, which established huts along the shore of the whole Atlantic Coast in desolate places where shipwrecked persons might be cast. Now there are Government life-saving stations about every five miles from Provincetown to Monomoy where a keeper lives throughout the year, and where from August first to June first of the following year there is a crew of life-savers, a small unit of a force whose exploits, recorded briefly in the dry page of government reports, should be written in letters of gold upon choice parchment for all men to read

as an example of self-sacrificing devotion to duty.

The Twin Light Houses on the bluff at Chatham, the wind-mill on the hill, the fish-freezing plant and the fishing village are all objects of interest to the summer visitors who have helped to make of Chatham a thriving and prosperous town.

AMONG THE DUNES OF TRURO

AT no other place can the peculiar geographical formation thought by many people who have never visited Cape Cod to be characteristic of the whole region, be more clearly seen than in the town of Truro.

Here are the rolling sand dunes, clothed with a scanty verdure, stretching away on every hand, with hardly a tree as far as the eye can see, and only an occasional house half hidden in a hollow of the dunes—in the distance—a barren, wind-swept, desolate land where the lonely autoist at night may drive for miles without seeing the friendly twinkle of a light in the window of a human habitation.

To stand on the crest of Corn Hill on Cape Cod, not far from Truro, before a monument in the grass and sand, placed there by the Pilgrim Tercentenary Commission under the supervision of Hon. Thomas C. Thacher, inspires a picture of events three hundred years past.

Standish, Bradford, Hopkins and Tilley, four of the Pilgrim fathers, were sent out from the Provincetown landing place to explore in a shallop, to search for food on a cold dreary day in November. This was even one month before the landing at Plymouth.

They found maize on the crest of this hill; the Indian corn that redskins had put away for their winter supply.

Think of the feeling that must have come to them as these Pilgrim fathers uncovered soil described as "wooded to the water's edge." Shadowed by the primeval pine, they discovered the first corn ever known by white men.

The winter was approaching; famine was staring the Pilgrims in the face; and it was this little cache of golden corn that saved them from starvation during the long months at Plymouth. Every kernel was preserved. With the forethought and thrift characteristic of the Pilgrim fathers, they saved it and denied themselves that they might have seed corn for the spring time. The following spring, 1621, the first field of corn was planted by white men. From these kernels discovered by Bradford and Hopkins have grown the millions and millions of acres of waving corn in the mid-west. Corn that furnished relief to Ireland and Russia. Corn that has been the backbone

of the agricultural development of America. It all started from the little kernels discovered on Cape Cod. That characteristically American delicacy, the roasting ear, was born to white men on this spot.



Bathing in the waters of Welfleet Bay, with its average summer temperature of 74 degrees and a steam sand beach of gradual incline and free from undertow, is both invigorating and delightful

The record of the finding of the first corn is found on a bronze tablet on the monument, as follows:—

1620

1920

SIXTEEN PILGRIMS

led by
Myles Standish, Wm. Bradford
Stephan Hopkins and Edward Tilley
found the precious Indian Corn
on this spot which they called
Corn Hill
Nov. 16, 1620 (old style)

"And sure it was God's
Good Providence that we found
the corn for else we
know not how we should have done."
—Mount's Relation.

ONCE IT WAS THE GRANARY OF THE CAPE

EASTHAM, which was at first called Nauset, was settled in 1646. It is a region of sea and sand, a barren, windswept land, with long low marshes, level and softly tinted, and an individuality all its own—a distinctive section of the Cape. Yet once it was the granary of Cape Cod, where the Pilgrims came to fill their sacks from its great store of corn.

Here the rolling pastures, today so bare, were once luxuriantly green with waving grass and the maize fields of the Indians. And here the early settlers raised such bumper crops on its fertile soil that the Plymouth Colony at one time considered removing to this favored spot.

The lesson that Eastham teaches is one that New England farmers were slow to learn—the lesson that the richest land can be in time exhausted if care is not taken to return to it the elements of fertility exhausted by continued cultivation. This natural garden spot, forced to bring forth repeated crops, yielded its virgin glory to



The "Mayflower" steaming through the Cape Cod Canal with the President and Mrs. Harding on board while on their way to attend the Tercentenary Celebration at Plymouth

the hand of man till, utterly despoiled, it became a barren waste—beautiful still with a wistful charm—a mute reminder of an economic crime.

Encouraging signs that the lesson which Eastham teaches is bearing fruit are the asparagus and strawberry crops which are now being raised here with the aid of seaweed as a fertilizer for the sandy soil.

The Reverend Samuel Treat settled here among the red men in 1672, and learned to speak and write the Indian language. Like the noble Frenchmen along the shores of the Great Lakes, he became a spiritual father to the Indians, and labored there for forty-five years in the vineyard of the Lord.

A half mile or so from the town of Eastham across the sandy plain are the Nauset Lights, built among the sand dunes, with the keeper's house sheltered in a hollow in the rear. The shore line changes with every storm and the sea eats always at the bluffs along the beach.

REMINISCENT OF ITS GALLIC TIES

THE early settlers of Cape Cod came mostly from the south of England and gave to the towns they founded in the New World the names of the villages in Devon, Kent and Cornwall from which they came. Orleans, the terminus of the French Atlantic Cable from Brest, perpetuates its Gallic affiliation with the only foreign name among the Cape towns.

It is a place of beautiful landscapes, rambling over breezy uplands, and formerly was a part of Eastham, from which the towns of Chatham, Wellfleet and Orleans all were carved. It became incorporated as a separate town in 1797.

Here, during the War of 1812, occurred the fray between its townspeople and the British troops which is dignified in history as "The Battle of Orleans." They were a people of spirit and independence—those early settlers of Orleans—and when a demand for tribute was made by the British fleet, indignantly refused to pay, and successfully repelled the perfidious enemy by force of arms.

There is a legend that in the year of 1718 the sea, lashed to fury by a great storm, forced a passage across the Cape through which Captain Southack sailed in a whale-boat from the bay to the ocean to capture the pirate Bellamy. The tradition persists

that when a storm is brewing a mirage in the sky shows Captain Southack's whale-boat sailing across the meadows of Orleans from Cape Cod Bay to the Atlantic Ocean and disappearing in pursuit of a phantom pirate ship. As scientific proof of the well-loved legend, Orleans people point with pride to the established fact that in 1865 the wreck of an old-time ship was uncovered by the sea in the town of Orleans, and that Professor Agassiz made an investigation which disclosed specific evidence of the now obliterated passage across the Cape.

"THE CITY IN THE SAND"

THOREAU facetiously wrote, after his first visit to Provincetown, that when he reached Boston he had a gill of Provincetown sand in his shoes—a not uncommon experience of travelers even at this late day. And, by the way, I know of no better preparation of the mind to receive new impressions than to re-read his delightful account before visiting this quaint spot—if only for the purpose of comparing the Provincetown of Thoreau's day with the Provincetown of today.

The sand is still there—and the sea—but otherwise it is greatly changed, for the better or the worse I would not care to say. At any rate, aside from all its historic associations, so dear to every true American, it has a peculiar charm that draws us back year after year, if only for the briefest visit.

Peculiarly enough, though Provincetown was the birthplace of the American Republic—the spot where, as Thoreau said, "one may stand and put all America behind him," it has today the most foreign atmosphere of any place in the United States—excepting St. Augustine, perhaps.

The Portuguese have pre-empted Prov-



Members of the life-saving crew starting on patrol

incetown and made it so much their own that dark-skinned faces are almost as common there as in the villages of the Azores or in Lisbon itself.

It is a queer, jumbled, bustling place, a mixture of strange sights and sounds, a mingling of the East and West—where legends of the Norsemen blend with Pilgrim history and the patois of modern art. It has an "atmosphere" beloved of the painter folk, who flock here every year and set up their easels and their white umbrellas on the sand and splash enough paint on their acres of canvas in a summer to paint one of the great gray battleships that lie so majestically at anchor in the harbor.

It is less than thirty years since the inhabitants of Provincetown were more than "squatters" on Province land, without valid titles to the land on which their houses stood. In 1741 this portion of the Cape was set off as a precinct of the Province of the Massachusetts Bay Colony—hence the name of Provincetown for what had formerly been a part of Truro—with the title resting in the Colonial Province and afterward in the Commonwealth. And not until 1893 was a division made—by a special act of the General Court—of the lands between the township and the state whereby the town acquired its title to the settled portion, and the Commonwealth retained as "Province Lands" the unoccupied portion of the town, stretching from the settled limits of the village to the ocean.

This unusual civic arrangement acted as a natural deterrent to permanence of population, and though a fishing hamlet was established here at the tip end of the Cape after the union of the Plymouth and Massachusetts Bay Colonies in 1692—so late as 1749, says Douglass in his "Summary," the "town consisted of only two or three settled families, two or three cows, and about six sheep." In 1764 it was overlooked by the census entirely, and so late as 1819 we read that "there was only one horse in Provincetown, and that was an old white one, with one eye."

Yet Provincetown had its season of prosperity—before the tourists and the artists began to flock there a decade or so ago—and fortunes were made by its inhabitants in ambergris and oil before the discovery of petroleum put an end to the whaling industry forever.

They still reap their harvests from the sea—these dark-skinned people from another land who have come to make Provincetown their home—for the Portuguese are natural fishermen, but the rotting wharves that line the water front where the whaling ships were wont to dock, are mute reminders of a glory that has passed.

The granite shaft two hundred and fifty-two feet high that stands on the summit of Town Hill is the famous Pilgrim Memorial Monument, reflecting in its austere beauty the Torre del Mangia in Sienna. It was dedicated in 1910 by the Cape Cod Pilgrim Memorial Association—and dull indeed must be the heart of an American who does not feel a throb of patriotic fervor inspire his being when he gazes upon its stern and impressive lines, reflecting that here, within the shadow of its towering height, America was born.

Making "Old Home Day" of a week end

"Up Along" and "Down Along" Cape Cod

The Editor of the NATIONAL goes visiting the "folks" on the Cape, and comes back enthused with its scenic beauty, balmy breezes, abounding hospitality—and quahaug pie

FAR to the South-West on the heel of the Cape we found ourselves enroute to a spot where the temperature was as even as a May morning at a time when the thermometer was erratically jumping up and down in Boston. There's something quaint and alluring in the very mention of Falmouth on Cape Cod. Here the trees seem to show the strength and vigor, and the grass the rich green coloring of the southern shores of England.

Falmouth is redolent with Colonial history; but more, it has the climate that allures. Nothing can be more beautiful than a moonlight night off Falmouth Heights, located on an eminence of the graceful shore line. In the distance, across an expanse of the coast water of Nantucket Sound, lies historic Martha's Vineyard. East winds sweeping through the pines and over the sands are thereby salubriously tempered before they reach Falmouth. The prevailing south-west winds as they reach Falmouth always have the cool breath of the ocean. August days have all the soft balminess of Bermuda or Honolulu at its best.

No wonder that "mine host," Mr. Webster L. Draper, of Terrace Gables, never tires of singing the praises of Cape Cod in general. His hotel, Terrace Gables, is indeed the "House by the side of the road," and everybody passing that way and catching a glimpse of the beautiful situation feel the lure of it and are filled with a desire to stop there. Many and many a motorist passed on with a disappointed look when they found there was no room left at the Inn for lodging, but they could not resist lingering for a time to enjoy the host's welcome, "stop in and rest awhile."

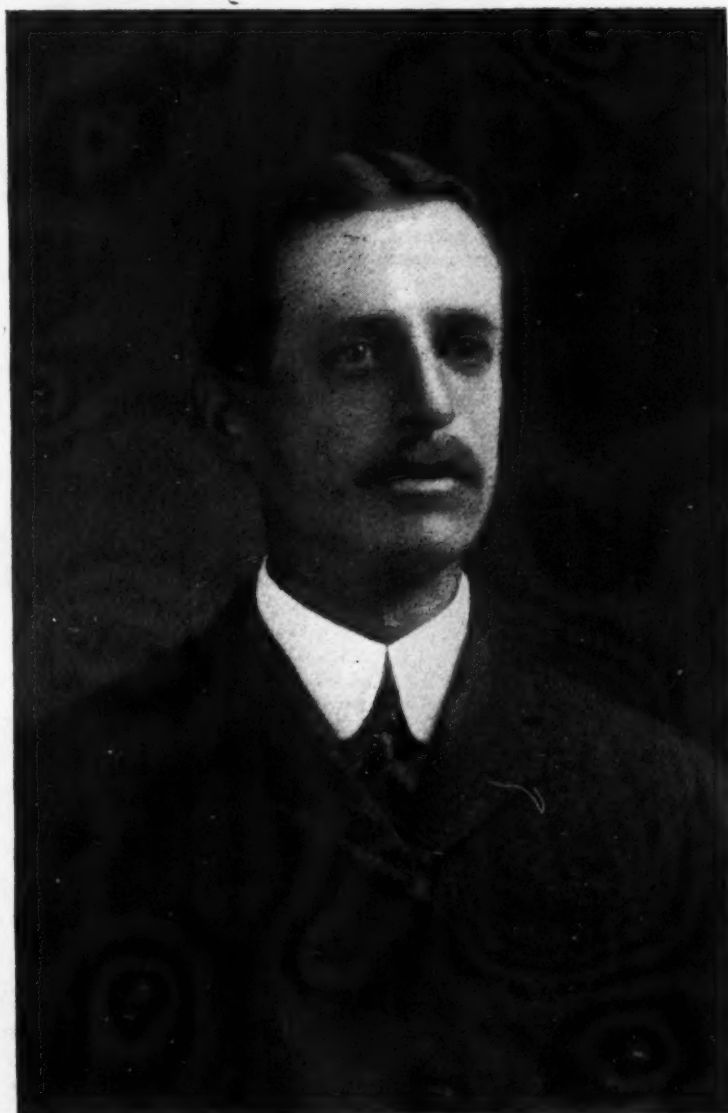
Year after year the visitors feel that a tour under summer skies on Cape Cod is not complete until they have followed one of the many roads that lead to Falmouth, no matter if they cannot linger long at the "House by the Side of the Road."

Twenty years ago Webster L. Draper came to Cape Cod from Canton, Massachusetts. His father, Mr. Charles Draper, was a prominent manufacturer, and he had often brought his sons to the Cape for the summer days. Young Draper fell in love with the Cape and located at Falmouth. He knows every road, almost every lake and pond, and his Terrace Gables is recognized as one of the most successful hotel enterprises on the Cape. His broad policies of helping every visitor to see and know all parts of the Cape and making them want to come again has borne fruit. He believes in the open-hearted hospitality that wins enduring friendships and has never wavered in the confidence that the scenes he wit-

nesses every year before the threshold of his famed hostelry at Falmouth Heights will extend on to other parts of the Cape, where the tourist may find the charm unparalleled of summer days on Cape Cod.

Many towns on Cape Cod are distinguished by points of the compass. They

all have their east, west, south and north centers. There is North Yarmouth, South Yarmouth, to say nothing of "ports" added. I have often wondered why the sailor folk of the Cape didn't have a few towns sou'east, nor'west and sou'west and nor'east, and follow out all of the points of the compass."



EBEN S. KEITH is a true son of Cape Cod. Born in Bourne, he was educated in the public schools of his native town, and gave up a college course to join his father in developing the great Keith freight car plant at Sagamore, which is the outgrowth of the little wagon shop established by his grandfather in 1846. Mr. Keith's outstanding abilities as a business executive have been devoted to building up the greatest manufacturing industry on the Cape, while his public-spirited participation in every movement calculated to enhance the attractiveness of this region as a summer playground or to further extend its business interests, make him looked upon as one of the most notable of her native sons

In East Falmouth is located the East Meeting House, built and endowed years ago by Ezekiel Robinson. He was born in 1796, and made a fortune trading with the Indians. Then he decided to build a two story meeting house with a steeple and endow it. This he accomplished during his lifetime. When he passed away they decided to erect a monument, but there was no money left. A tiny little miniature, four feet high, tells of the generosity of Ezekiel Robinson. They ran out of money for a pedestal and first placed it a' top of the watering trough, but now there are no horses left to water and the monument has been placed in front of the church, on a plain stone foundation.

The drive over the roads away from the main-traveled boulevard gives an idea of the extent of this little neck of land that looks so tiny, like an alluring fish hook on the map projected out in the ocean blue. On these roads you can feel that you are in the wilderness of the north-west. The roads are softly curving, festooned with pines or oaks, and shrubs, and in the depth of the woodland one can wander far away from any human habitation. And yet, a few minutes' distance in the swift-moving motor, are the villages and towns, settled for several centuries.

Cape Cod is a place of infinite variety. Many of the homes are quaint, expressing individualistic ideas. They record in them-

selves a tangible and serene chronology. They reflect the hopes and ambitions of many generations. More than to any other spot in the country, the Cape Cod



HON. CHARLES L. GIFFORD has done more for the advancement of the best interests of the Cape than almost any other man in public life. For six successive terms he was elected to the State Senate; and now—coincident with Senator Joe Walsh's elevation to the Massachusetts Supreme Court bench—there is a widespread belief that Mr. Gifford should be his successor at Washington

folks return to spend the sunsets of their lives amid the environment of their youth. Old homes are rebuilt, and upon them are lavished all the beauty that money can furnish. Many a Cape Cod boy has insisted that he only left home to make his fortune in order to be able to return and bring comfort to the father and mother in their declining days, and spend the last days of their lives close to the scenes of childhood. The cemeteries tell their stories of affectionate remembrance. On one of them some enterprising wag has placed a sign, "Welcome to our city." The epitaphs are a study as to what men want said about them after they have passed from earth. Many of the inscriptions were written while the occupants of these cemeteries still lived to edit their own passport to Eternity. There is never any uncertain tone as to immortality. And some of the good old deacons insisted on locating cemeteries to make them convenient for the occasion when Gabriel blew his horn, so the occupants should not get confused on resurrection morn. Imagine this great forethought for one who is to greet the several generously-described wives buried beside him under one tomb stone, bravely inscribed, "May he rest in peace."

* * *

When you can dine on sea food and look out of the window and see the very waters from which they were brought that morning, why worry about appetite. When you're eating berries and garden stuff, taken from the soil on the day that it is prepared, you cannot wonder why Cape Cod is famous the world over as a "place for good food." The inhabitants had to provide all their own food in the good old days, and whether it was smoked herring, or the sacred cod fish—salt or fresh—or the luscious mackerel, it was real fish. Even the herring scale is now used for buttons and milady's gay plumage and spangled attire.

In the old days the "Blackfish" ran—and the mere announcement would break up a town meeting, a sewing circle or a church congregation. Over the State House on Beacon Hill in Boston is an emblem of the sacred cod fish, which of itself is an attribute to Cape Cod and the part it has played in the history of the old Bay State.

Within two hours of Boston, a popular commuting distance every day for many of its summer residents, Falmouth has steadily increased in popularity, an objective point on Cape Cod ever since the days when Richard Olney, Secretary of State under Grover Cleveland, insisted that it was the one place where he wanted to live during the summer months and built a high hedge, now lowered, for quiet and comfort. Hundreds of people from the west have built homes here as well as all over all parts of the Cape, which they call their "summer dreamland." They come early and remain late—whether Whittemore of shoe polish fame or Dwight of soda renown.

Here the salt water bathing is at its best, nearly always warm and inviting, with very little variation of temperature, and visitors from far-off states find the Cape the place for that rest and change that spurs one to greater activity. The same environment that inspired Yankee inventiveness and ingenuity somehow leads on again to the initiative impulse.

Falmouth is on the main line to Wood's Hole, the port for Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket. It is in a way the capital city for these islands, for the electric lights of



ARTHUR LORD, a leading Boston lawyer, former member of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, and prominent in historical and antiquarian societies, resides in Plymouth, where he has done much to insure the preservation of objects of historic interest for future generations. Mr. Lord is treasurer of the Massachusetts Historical Society, a member of the American Antiquarian Society, the Colonial Society, the Old Colony Historical Society, a fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and has been president of the Pilgrim Society since 1895. He was a member of the Pilgrim Tercentenary Commission, and of the Board of Managers of the Jamestown Exposition in 1907



WEBSTER L. DRAPER, proprietor of Terrace Gables at Falmouth Heights, knows every road on the Cape and has been active in the development of this summer playground of the East. He was with the commissary department of the navy during the war, and knows good things to eat

Falmouth may be seen at night, marking the contour of the shore line, creating a spirit of neighborliness with the islands that seems to draw them together as a part of this empire of "summerland under sunny skies."

Every town, city and village on Cape Cod has its distinctive individuality, and yet, withal, a cohesive unity. Falmouth was named for the old home in England by those who settled on this portion of the Cape, and the traditions of the famous old seaport were maintained. Such clams and lobsters and green corn. The clams for Terrace Gables are gathered by a blind man—and such clams only a blind man could find in the sandy shores.

The "cultivation of oysters" has become a large industry. The scallops scorned in early days are now a luxury. Cape Cod oysters, following the original Cotuits, have the salt flavor and the guaranty of purity

from their birth, that has made the beautiful harbor of Cotuit famous the world over.

Scattered in various sections throughout the Cape are new farms, cleared and developed by the Portuguese. They are usually segregated and off the main roads. They are called "Bravas," some coming from the Cape Verde Islands and others from Portugal. Many of the children are bright and the witching eyes of sunny Madeira are reflected. The future of the agricultural development of the Cape depends upon people who are willing and able to go out and turn the soil into the smiling farms and fields that were once the glory of Cape Cod.

They are a hard-working, honest folk, but, of course, as with every class or clan, there are some who stray from the standard. A number of moonshine stills have been discovered in the swamps and lonely spots. This does not represent the great majority of the Portuguese folk, who live among the fields which have blossomed to their labor and respect the laws. There are many large families, of ten and eleven children, and one thing they are taught early in life is what it is to work, as well as to play. They are very faithful in attendance at the little schools that have been provided.

The scrub-oak and the underbrush are gradually being cleared to make way for larger productive areas on Cape Cod. Over a hundred thousand dollars worth of strawberries were shipped from the Cape this year, and from the wild lands the blueberries continue a most profitable crop, especially where the forest fires have been kept out.

Cape Cod has known some wastefully destructive forest fires. In the wake of the blackened ruins left by these fires have come many of the little farms that have risen Phoenix-like out of the ashes of misfortune, pointing to the good fortune ahead for those who will work at tilling the soil.

Well do I remember my first introduction to steamed clams. It was at Chatham, in the presence of many cousins by marriage, for everybody seemed to be a cousin in these parts. They watched me as I started in first to extricate the juicy structure and then baptized it in drawn butter. I chewed hard on the neck of the clam and thought that rubber would be a relief. I chewed and chewed, but somehow I couldn't swallow. Then they all laughed and taught me how to extricate the sweet little berry of the clam and with a dignified sweep of the hand, land it in the mouth and at the proper distance below its neck for correct bisection with one's teeth—without adding any grease spots to the vest or table cloth.

Chatham, with its Twin Lights and the bars and the Harding Beach, the Island with its beach plums, the sturdy old retired

sea captains, enjoying the sunset of their lives among the shell-bordered garden-beds of hollyhocks and other old-fashion flowers, taking a peep now and then at the old sea from the observatories built aloft of the houses, is a picture that will never fade. Joe Lincoln, the novelist, lives there now



TERRACE GABLES, on the bluff at Falmouth Heights overlooking beautiful Nantucket Sound, is deservedly one of the most popular caravanseries on the Cape, and situated in one of the most beautiful locations

right on the boulevard, in a home environed with the atmosphere of his novels, in a house that looks like a million dollars.

As the center of the great naval aerial base, where every Saturday an aeroplane sweeps the skies, Chatham presents a new picture of navigation, terraced above that of the white-winged sailcraft with aeroplanes skimming over the surf and the ponds. One wag placed a sign just beyond the railroad station, "The next stop is Spain." This was before there was a realization that airships could hop off the shores of America and land on the Azores.

These were exciting days at Barnstable and the big stone court house. Detective Bradford and his constabulary held a meeting that morning and planned the raids on moonshiners. They are also on the lookout for the smugglers' ships. There seems to be a determination among the Cape folks to aid the constabulary in capturing the smugglers and stamping out the moonshine nests, some of which had been established under pig pens, so that the odor of the still might be disguised. They were making their whiskey out of swamp water, and the analysis of the stuff produced makes a health campaign of these raids, as well as a further attempt at strict enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment.

The picturesque spires of the little meeting houses, dotting the landscape, is a reminder that law-aiding citizenship comes first in the program of home making and home building.

Mingling among Cape Cod folk one feels that they are real people. The younger generation have caught the spirit of their forebears and are determined, with the co-operation of adopted citizens, to make Cape Cod a community of home-loving people maintaining the best traditions of American citizenship.

Among those who have been prominent in Cape Cod affairs for many years is



CAPTAIN Lorenzo Dow Baker was born in 1840, a descendant of Stephen Hopkins of the "Mayflower." Reared under the seafaring conditions of Cape Cod, he followed the footsteps of his father, David Baker, a master mariner of deeply religious convictions. Captain Baker had the best traits of the Cape Cod folks, sturdy, judicious, independent, honest, benevolent and above reproach. It was a most deserving compliment paid to him in Jamaica by the banana planters, merchants and the inhabitants of Jamaica, when they conveyed to him resolutions declaring their high appreciation of his services to the entire community in building up the commerce and industry of Jamaica—carrying the affairs of the people of the Island over a serious crisis and bringing prosperity to thousands of people. A handsome souvenir in silver was presented with this tribute. The late Captain Baker was a trustee of the Boston University, president and director of the Boston Fruit Company, manager and director of the Jamaica Division of the United Fruit Company and president of the Cape Cod Steamship Company. He was identified with many large enterprises. His heart was first set on having the memorial at Provincetown commemorating the first landing of the Pilgrims from the "Mayflower"

Senator Eben S. Keith of Sagamore. He has given the best thought and effort of his life towards building up the industrial interests of the Cape. Against many handicaps he



AMONG the most interesting survivals of the early days on Cape Cod are many old windmills that have been preserved as nearly as possible in their original condition as reminders of the time when the winds were harnessed to do their work on land as well as on the sea

has operated and maintained a car building works and brought to the Cape pay rolls to distribute that would have gone to other large cities were it not for his innate patriotic love of his home town.

Eben S. Keith was born in Bourne in 1872. He attended the public schools and gave up a college course to enter the freight car business with his father. As a boy he loved the plant, loved to mingle with the workmen and see a box car grow. He is numbered among the leading business men of New England, and his knowledge of freight cars is second to none in the country. His car plant is counted one of the most important units in the freight car industry in the United States.

He served in the State Senate, and was a member of the Ways and Means Committee for three terms. He served in the Governor's Council. He is also Vice-President of the Osgood & Bradley Car Company of Worcester.

Mr. Keith is the sixth and direct descendant of Rev. James J. Keith of Aberdeen, Scotland, who came to America in 1662 and held his first service in Bridgewater in 1664. His maternal grandfather was Edmund Sturgis Smith, for whom he was named. Many of his family have held responsible positions in public and private life because of their ability as leaders.

Working early and late away from home to bring the business to the Cape, he is happiest back again among the home folks or in his camp enjoying the woods, the fishing, the hunting and the supreme majesty of nature at its best. He is a quiet man, and

has lived a life of deeds rather than words. The word and influence of Eben S. Keith is an example of character worth on the Cape.

For many years he has been recognized as one of the first citizens of Cape Cod. His influence extends to every city, town and hamlet, where the people look upon him as a leader to be trusted. To be with him on his native heather in the camps or the woods, one understands the strength of the rugged honesty and the naturalness that comes with close contact to Nature and the people. He has that quiet sense of humor and poise which is so well understood by the Cape folks who feel they have known him every year of his life.

Christened with one of the charming Indian names, Coonamessett Ranch has played an important part in the agricultural development of Cape Cod. It has proven that the old settlers are right in asserting that Cape Cod was self-sustaining. The ranch of fourteen thousand acres borders on eight beautiful fresh water ponds, and has demonstrated that farming can be made to pay on the areas long ago abandoned in historic Falmouth.

The large tractors operate with the same facility as on the western bonanza wheat farms, and have fulfilled the calculations of Mr. Wilfred Wheeler, former head of the Agricultural Department of the State of Massachusetts. He had the vision and the faith, and Charles R. Crane and his associates backed the enterprise with adequate capital to make a thorough test.

The original idea was to build up a colonization plan that would encourage the development of small farms and provide visitors and home folk with an ample supply of fresh fruits and vegetables. Over



JOHN D. W. BODFISH who, although blind, has been a leader in public affairs on the Cape and the practice of law. He is a candidate for attorney general and his friends insist that he can see far into all legal questions

six hundred thousand quarts of strawberries were shipped from Falmouth last season.

The products of the ranch are marketed with trucks, and from the great Dairy Farm is shipped over seven thousand quarts of

milk every week. Many young ladies from the agricultural colleges are working here in the canning plant and green houses, and indeed many of them have proved that women make excellent farmers—accept honors as "farmerettes." The asparagus, peas and corn produced command a premium over that shipped in from south or west, and the best canned asparagus ever prepared came from the Cape Cod Canning Company at Onset. The work has demonstrated that



WHEN Thomas T. Thatcher was a member of Congress he did not forget the home folks. Through his energies the Provincetown Memorial commemorating the first landing of the Pilgrims was secured with the co-operation of the Governor. President Roosevelt and President Taft participated in the laying of the corner-stone and the completion of the towering monument of gray granite on the hill, which can be seen far out at sea. Over twenty-two hundred people from all the states in the Union paid admission to walk to the top of this monument last year. It bids fair to become as famous and popular to the American people as Bunker Hill and Plymouth Rock

Cape Cod is rapidly coming to her own as the place for permanent farms as well as summer homes.

The roads and highways to Cape Cod are unexcelled. The transportation problem has been solved, and the markets, near at hand, are ever awaiting the ripening fruit, vegetables and grain.

If the New York and Boston boats going through the Cape Cod Canal were to touch at the Canal port in the early evening and early morning, the patronage would double—with this prospect generally known. It would bring thousands of people that otherwise would not visit this incomparable playground. Think of it! Only a night's ocean trip from the sweltering humidity of New York to the cool breezes and energizing atmosphere of Uncle Sam's greatest land-pier playground, capable of providing a health-building insurance for millions at comparatively small expense. Water transportation should keep pace with rail and motor routes.

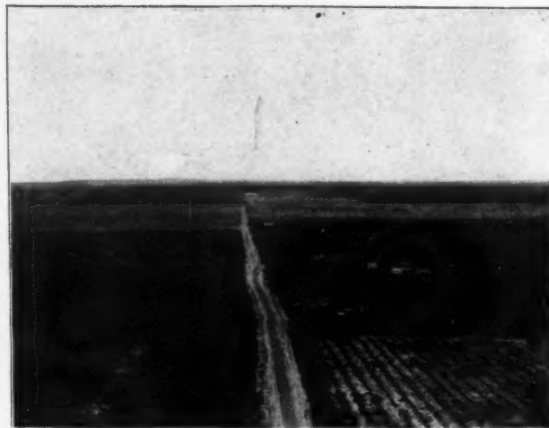
There is a comparative freedom from the exotic luxury-made spree-spirit that pervades many other resort areas. It is indeed a place for playdays and relaxation

and every night almost on the tick of the watch, the Sound Steamer passes West Chop Light, like an eclipse. There is always a feeling of relief for the pilot and skipper

leadership of the veteran guides, who await under the old apple trees or by the pump, and the vegetable house, the sportsmen push on to the haunts that were loved by Grover



Where the red man scratched the soil with a crooked stick, the white man plows and harrows with the aid of a modern tractor



A field on Coonamessett Ranch, cleared from the forest and producing crops within two years

—free from the harassments and wearing exactions of butterfly social life.

Many an old vine-covered farm house, with hollyhocks and flowers, is transformed into a "tea room" with a glorious title. This is the outgrowth of the old spirit of Cape Cod hospitality, where the last cruller would be divided. An outsider finds in Cape Cod the hearty pulling together of all the people for one common purpose, exemplified in the Cape Cod Chamber of Commerce. Every portion of the Cape has its peculiar advantage, and the people are now beginning to realize every visitor that comes to the Cape adds to the prosperity of all the people.

There are of course small jealousies and the petty little differences that always come with any section so favored with natural advantages. If the people of the west and the south could only know Cape Cod, and the transportation and housing facilities were equal to it, there would be a quarter million people every year visit the shores of the Cape. As it is, Yellowstone Park, thousands of miles away, has more visitors than Cape Cod, within a night's ride of one-half of the entire population of the United States.

Falmouth is the center of a large summer colony. Drives in all directions reach every part of the Cape within the day. There are the picturesque rocks of Wood's Hole and Penzance, recalling stories of the pirates off the shores of England. The ocean drive, winding in and out among the inlets, has a never-ending charm, and a glimpse at moonlight on the sheen of the waters of ocean and land is toned in rich silver tints.

In sunlight the dancing waters off the shores of Falmouth seem to welcome all at their summer's best. Whether the surf runs high or the waters simply ripple on the sand, there is ever a fascination in the soft air tempered to sooth the despair of dogdays.

It is at Falmouth that the big leaguers of baseball and the star players of Yale and Harvard force gather for many an exciting game. Aquatic sports are ever popular.

On the great Vineyard Sound highway,

when they reach the balmy air of Vineyard Sound, where the tide has a small ebb and flow.

Within four hours' sail lies quaint Nantucket, and a half-hour's sail away lies Martha's Vineyard. Here many of the skipper of foreign craft were born and reared, for the waters surrounding Cape Cod are a training school for the masters of ships and the best navigators on the globe.

There is a color of isolation and Indian romance associated with Mashpee. It was here that Grover Cleveland spent many happy days with his friend, Joe Jefferson, and Governor William E. Russell and Charles Draper. It was at Attaquin that "mine host" Fatty Holmes, an English recluse, used to greet President Cleveland and his guests with rare viands and toothsome game that could only be found in the wilds of Cape Cod.

The rambling old farm house located off the main road, was built by John Attaquin, a Mashpee Indian, and later leased to the hermit-Holmes, who provided a retreat away from highways to entertain distinguished guests.

The old room, with its welcome fireplace, where Grover Cleveland slept and meditated many a night after an exhilarating day's hunt, still remains. A pool room was added in later days when Cleveland decided that Mashpee was, after all, his favorite retreat. Here now Boston "Elks" hie for clambakes.

The old dining room and stairway, and the soapstone stove, which served to warm the rooms without fireplaces, are still there. Duck hunting was at its best in the chill and glory of November days, but there was the hallowed Thanksgiving day to follow, when turkey and cranberry sauce, mince pie, not to mention plenty of game, furnished a feast at Attaquin.

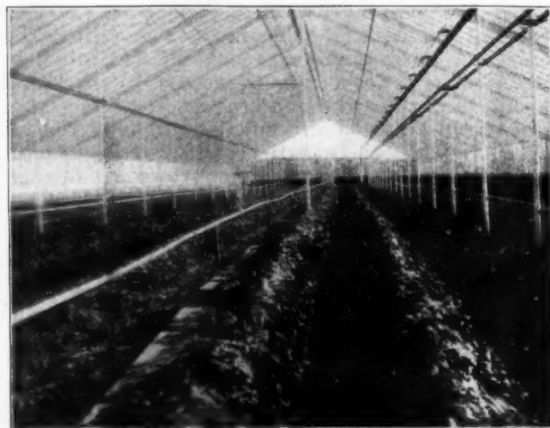
Attaquin still maintains a reputation for clambakes, fishing and gunning. Under the

Cleveland, as the place where he could come in touch with the rugged honesty of nature in all her Cape Cod glory.

The earliest records indicate that the "savages," seen at Corn hill were the Pamet Indians, who had seen the *Mayflower* laying at anchor in the harbor from the Truro hills, and who naturally ran down to see "what news." They were great runners and news-lovers and Cape Cod has kept up the tradition.

They were known to run a hundred miles a day to hear the news, and then run back the next day. The paths where they ran through the woods were beaten by their feet hard and smooth as the Appian way.

Truro seems to be rich in Indian legendry, for here it was that Standish pursued them, "till they ran away with might and main, and our men pursued them out of the wood, for it was the way they intended to go."



Under the glass roof of the tomato house on Coonamessett Ranch, hundreds of bushels of the luscious vegetable are brought to perfection

Abundant and spontaneous growths of strawberries were known in the early days, for Roger Williams leaves the record, "This berry is the wonder of all the fruits growing in these parts," and even in those days they



Captain Gurney in the "Baby Knockabout," a real Cape Cod boat, designed by him and built at Wareham. A large number of Cape Cod vacationists find sailing contentment in this favorite

reported seeing as many berries as would fill a good sized ship.

The Indians bruised them in mortars and mixed them in meal, making strawberry bread. This, no doubt, is the genesis of the strawberry shortcake.

The high hill ending with the bank called "Captain Sam's Hill," formerly called "Hopkin's Cliff," has now been christened Pilgrim's Corn Hill.

Here had been an old house; here were also a few planks, and a large kettle; probably belonging to the *Friendship*, a ship cast away two or three years before. Here they found baskets filled with "goodly eares of corne; some of yellow, some of red, and some mixed with blue, which was a goodly sight." The baskets held three or four bushels; as much as two men could lift, and were "handsomely and cunningly made."

They filled the baskets and the big kettle with corn, which two men bore away upon a staff, as did Moses' spies the great clusters of grapes from the brook Eshcol, to the children of Israel.

The Indian's season for planting corn was "when the leaf of the white oak was as big as a mouse's ear." The Pale Face cannot improve on that observation.

A short march from Corn Hill brought them to the river, "which came from the sea, and not unlike to be an harbor for ships."

Such was the impression made upon the Pilgrims at their first sight of Pamet Harbor, the place where Cape Cod narrows to such an extent that you can look from sea to sea and feel that you are almost upon a great pier of sand, reaching far out into the ocean.

The place where they had secured the corn seemed to have been a sort of an altar. That day the records run, "so cold had it been that the ground was frozen a foot deep, and covered with snow, and they

were obliged to use their courtlaxes and short swords to dig and pry up the frosty doors to the Indian treasures."

"And sure it was God's good providence that we found the corn, for else we know not how we should have done. Also, we had never in all likelihood seen a grain of it, if we had not made our first journey."

Master Jones of the *Mayflower* and fifteen of the company left in a shallop for the ship, promising to return in the morning with spades and mattocks. The remaining eighteen lodged that night on Corn Hill and the following morning in November, they followed Indian paths into the wood, which led them to a broad beaten path which they supposed would bring them to the Indian house, but proved to be deer tracks.

Of all the summer recreations that lure thousands to the scenic spots of Cape Cod, there is none that compares with boating.

Here on the azure waters ruffled and spray-flecked by the breezes of four seas, vacationists and all-year residents join in this alluring sport.

To be on the Cape without a boat of some kind is like finding oneself at a wedding without a necktie.

No picture compares with that of the clear Cape seas lapping golden sands; row-boats dot the shore; sail-boats are here and there farther out, skimming along aslant under a stiff, invigorating breeze; perhaps in addition is a yacht or two, with knife-like prow glistening in the warm sunshine.

Cape Cod is a fairy-land where boating reigns supreme.

In a summer playground where boating is so enjoyable, it is to be expected that boats are built by master hands. The very name of this vacationists' paradise is prom-

inent in the title of the largest concern on the Cape where boats are built, the Cape Cod Shipbuilding Corporation at Wareham.

An entrancing history is woven in the growth of this concern.

It was only natural and fitting that Charles S. Gurney should take to building boats, for he was born at Wareham of seafaring folks.

Tackling a tough job in a mill at six dollars a week is a far step from the presidency of a large corporation devoted to the building of boats, but that is how Charles Gurney started as a boy. Captain Gurney and his brother, Myron S., began in a little one-room shop and at first built only dories.

There was something about the product of the two brothers that was distinctive. In three years an addition to the tiny shop was made necessary. The quality of the boats, with their Cape Cod label, became known, and soon the New York and other centers as far west as Detroit were calling for them. Addition after addition was built to the shop.

Today vacationists travelling down the Cape by auto, train, or electric, look out upon an immense acreage adjoining the water at Wareham on which are stretched the buildings of the Cape Cod Shipbuilding Corporation. The water-front measures half a mile.

Into the lumber room here goes the most carefully selected pine and oak of the Cape, the Maine woods and the West.

From this point on the construction of a Cape Cod boat is one of continuous efficient assembly.

Each step in the process is done by a trained specialist, who devotes his energy and study to maintaining his portion of the work at the very highest standard. The first group, for instance, puts the skeleton in place; a second lays the planking. One man devotes his entire time to making spars. A score of row-boats may be turned out in a week, and half a dozen sailcraft as well. Boats as large as eighty feet are built and found as far off as Cape Town, Africa.

In Cape Cod boating circles the "Baby Knockabout" sailboat is as well known as the favorite fishing holes or the historic landmarks. The "Baby" is Captain Gurney's own design, and his contribution to the enjoyment of sailing in Cape waters.

So popular has it proved that the demand of vacationists has not only exceeded the supply of this dainty craft, but orders are being placed now to ensure the enjoyment of sailing a "Baby" next summer. Otherwise the avalanche cannot be met.

The present facilities for dry-docking and production are such that large yachts and power boats of every nature will be built in this ideal setting in the future.

What can be more satisfactory to the boatsman than to trim his sail or point into the wind with a Cape Cod boat built in an actual Cape Cod setting?

It is in the town of Carver, named for Governor John Carver, the first governor ever elected by the people in the western world, that you begin to understand what the cranberry industry means. Over one-seventh of all the cranberries in the world come from this historic town. It was here also that iron ore was first discovered, and

the first iron implements made for the Pilgrim fathers. A tea kettle was the first handiwork of American iron workers at Carver. This was also the earliest lumber center in America. Lumber from Carver is in many of the old homesteads in Massachusetts. Squire Savory years ago planted a mile of cedar trees along a wide road, and another row down the center, that has given to the present generation Savory Avenue—a green-canopied highway of cooling, refreshing atmosphere to the motorist Pilgrims who pass that way.

What records are on the tomb-stones in these quaint old towns! We sometimes forget that a longer time elapsed from the landing of the Pilgrims to the Declaration of Independence than is contained in the entire life of the Nation. Here in the land of the Pilgrims, for a century and a half the new nation was in the making, and every spot is touched with the activities of men of vision, ideals and work.

The Old Home Day at Carver was the first inaugurated in the country. Once every year the home folks at Carver, and the Carver folks from far away, come to celebrate the day in the pine grove near the Town Hall. At these gatherings one catches the spirit of the home ideals of Pilgrim land. A clambake, speeches, music and getting acquainted with new folks and the reunion of old friends, who have not met in years, makes the exercises of that day an event in town history. Representative Frank A. Barrows and President Cornish made the event of 1922 one that will not soon be forgotten, in spite of the downpour of rain, which could not dampen the enthusiasm of the Carver home folks and the fact that the editor of the NATIONAL was the "orator of the day." Carver continues to carve her name in history.

There are many revolutionary soldiers buried here beside those who participated in the Great World War. The population may not have increased to any great extent, as the boys from Carver have gone to all parts of the world, building up on the Carver plan, and keeping ever alive the spirit of patriotism that has glorified the traditions and records of this first little town set off from Plymouth—only seven miles away from the rock on which the Pilgrims landed.

When Henry D. Thoreau left his haunts at Walden Pond and tramped the length and breadth of Cape Cod, he found a mark of interest for the naturalist at Wellfleet.



ONE of the most public-spirited citizens of Plymouth, ever ready to lend his influence for the civic betterment of the town and the preservation of its priceless historic relics, is S. C. Holmes, treasurer of the Plymouth Cordage Company, the largest plant of its kind in the world, located at Seaside, just outside the town. This great industrial organization, through its financial aid, material assistance with its labor personnel, and frequent expression of an exalted sense of civic responsibility, was very largely responsible for the supremely successful carrying out of the plans of the Pilgrim Tercentenary Commission.

Here the mackerel fleet dotted the harbor, but farming was not forgotten. Evidences remain of homes where the soil supplemented the work of the fishermen.

Now Wellfleet is known as one of the greatest oyster-producing sections on the Cape, and is the favorite haunt of the little-neck clams. The old pier has gone, but to stand on the hills and look over the wide stretch of sands even at low tide is a scene

not to be forgotten. It is fascinating even at low tide.

From Wellfleet many of the sturdy sons have gone far asea and far afield in the adventures of development. It was here that Captain Lorenzo D. Baker was born. He sailed the schooner, *Eunice B. Newcomb*, and on his return from Columbia put in at Port Antonio and loaded a cargo of bananas. A photograph of the schooner loading at the dock reveals the very beginning of the great banana industry, and the world-wide achievements of the United Fruit Company.

Captain Baker was the pioneer who blazed the pathways through the jungles and laid the foundation for extensive banana growing in the tropics, together with the development of the market. Consequently, Wellfleet has played a conspicuous part in modern commercial development.

Like all Wellfleet boys, Captain Baker never lost his love for the home town. He was vice-president and director, together with his son, Lorenzo D. Baker, Jr., in the Provincetown Memorial, commemorating the first landing of the Pilgrims from the *Mayflower*. The tower can be seen from far out at sea.

On the site of an old deserted pier, the Chequesset Inn, one of the most unique and popular hotels on the Cape, remains as a tribute of Captain Baker to his love of the sea. The hotel is built like a great ship, having inside and outside staterooms and lower deck, and the wash of the waves underneath is a lullaby. The rooms are finished in southern pine, and have stood the test of time, for not even a spider web is to be found by "Mine Host" Moran after the hotel has been closed all winter. It gives the guests all the exhilaration of a sea voyage without the attendant discomforts usual to the ordinary mortal.

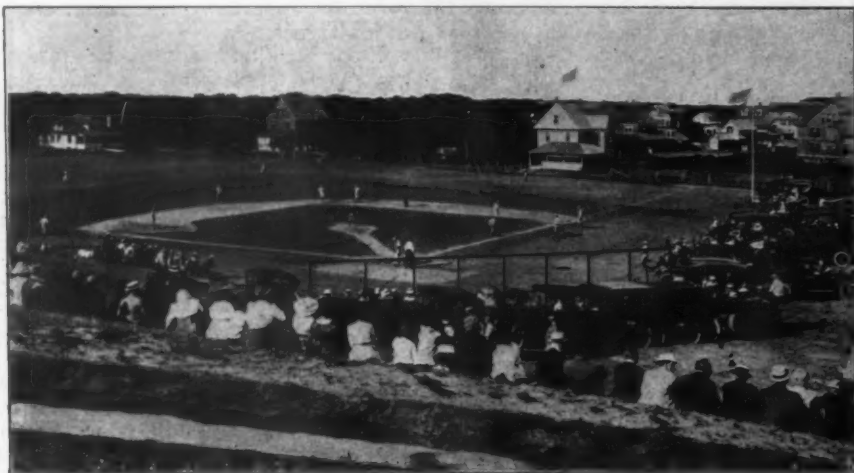
The view of Wellfleet Bay, with its stretch of sandy beach, and streams winding through green meadows; the picturesque village and the Billing's Gate Light, all furnish a panorama of never-ending interest. It recalls the prophecy of Henry Thoreau when he wrote: "The time must come when this coast will be a place of resort for all those who wish to visit the seaside." Here is the "spring of springs" and the "water fall of water falls." A man "may stand here and put all America behind him."

The noted spring water is furnished at the hotel. The bathing, at an average summer temperature of seventy-four, on a clean sand beach, reminds one of the balminess



WHERE CAPE COD BOATS ARE BUILT

Buildings of the Cape Cod Shipbuilding Corporation at Wareham, the largest concern on Cape Cod where boats are built. Captain Charles S. Gurney, president, was born near Wareham. His family were sea-faring folks. Years ago he began building dories with his brother in a little one-room shop. The present extensive plant is the outgrowth of that small beginning.



Interest in baseball runs high on the Cape, where big league players are recruited to strengthen local teams during the summer season

of the tropics in midwinter. Wellfleet was at one time the third largest whaling port in the world, but the pride of the salt water sailors of Wellfleet have ever been the fifteen fresh water lakes, reached by a picturesque country road, where picnics abound. These lakes are the jewels of Cape Cod, and furnish the variety of scene and activity that makes the happy memory of sunny summer days on Cape Cod enduring. Here even is heard the tinkling cow bell amid pastoral scenes almost within sight of the ocean surf sweeping in on either side.

When Captain Baker brought his bride to the little home in Wellfleet, where his children were born, he little dreamed that one day a wireless station would be located there, communicating in an instant with far-off Jamaica that took him weeks to reach in the old days.

Within twelve miles were the only shots heard from German guns in America during the World War when the submarine dared attack.

Chequeset Inn was named for the Indian tribe who lived on these wooded shores in the early days. A ride along the shore from Wood End to Monomoy in moonlight follows the outpost of the heroic life-savers, who have for a century past patrolled these dangerous shores in winter wind and summer storm, saving many lives, which has inspired the song and story of the bravery of the Cape Cod life savers.

There is real radio-like neighborliness on the Cape. They know things. Passing the home of a friend I waved my hand. Another friend was ready to receive me.

"How did you know I was coming?" I

asked, and Aunt Sarah answered: "We saw the signal." Talk about radio! I rushed to six places for surprise visits and there was a welcome everywhere. The word had been passed ahead from home to home or by neighborly 'phone ring.

In those dear old homes I love to linger. There are the sea shells and the "what not,"



Along the shore at Falmouth Heights, bordering on Nantucket Sound

the old fashioned furniture—everything neat, spick and span. There is the enlarged picture of the departed, and over the door a quotation from Scripture, not forgetting "God Bless Our Home." Indeed these homes have been blessed. Despite the jazz and distractions that taint other localities, these family circles continue havens of content and rest, always main-

taining supreme the love of their birthplace and of home.

What is the boy or girl of the future going to do, when he points to a hospital and says, "I was born there in room 13, Ward 23," or indicates a corner in a flat and tells hearth-side stories of a steam radiator—the sizzling of which is the only thing he ever heard that sounded like a tea kettle on a fireplace?

The tides of love for home ebb and flow. The boy and girl long to come back to the place where they were born, to look upon the tombstones of ancestors, and dream of their eternal resting place.

* * *

We stopped at the cemetery and paid tribute to the memory of Aunt Tempie at her grave. In her youth she was the belle of the town, and proud of her name, Temperance, which she practiced in all things. She moved west early, and in her adopted home I first fell in love—with Cape Cod Folks. Aunt Tempie never lost her temper and her sweet nature was reflected in her tasty baked beans and brown bread, her cranberries, mince pie and boiled dinners that did real missionary work for Cape Cod—out where the West begins. Her life and thousands of others refuted the libel of Sally McLean's "Cape Cod Folks" and made the schoolhouse at Cedartown where

Sally taught school, only a reminder of the unkindness of capitalized intimacy.

After all, people are interested in people, and it was my trip "up along" and "down along" the Cape, among the folks, that will make the year ever responsive with its magic memories. They have not only preserved the traditions and the great fundamental principles of living but continue to



Plant of the Keith Car & Manufacturing Company at Sagamore



CHARLES W. MEGATHLIN, proprietor of the "Rexall Drug Store," busiest place in the shopping center of Hyannis. He was born in Hyannis, but started his career in Wakefield. Then he returned to Hyannis to establish a drug store. He is president of the Cape Cod Trust Company at Harwich and director of the Hyannis Trust Company. He insists that it is all due to "just work." He was chairman of the Public Safety Council for the entire Cape, and helped direct the Red Cross and Liberty Loan drives. He is one of the Cape's representative business men

exert an influence that holds in check the mad impulses that now and then break out in the industrial centers under the influence of alien and anarchistic influences that threaten the stability of the Republic.

The visitor from the west finds, after one hour, that Cape Cod is not all beach grass and sand, that it has green woods and green fields and highly productive industries.

Standing on one of the beaches I paraphrased the Iowa state song, "That's where the tall corn grows," to "That's where the beach plum grows," for here is the only spot on earth where the sand dunes and the beach yield a fruitage year after year, now sought as one of the delicacies preserved for the winter, for on Cape Cod the people early learned the spirit of the hive as idealized by Maeterlink, and, like the busy bees, made honey in the summer for winter sustenance.

Could I ever forget those towns and hamlets with the beautiful liquid sounding Indian names. There is also the town "Teeticket" and Calico town. There is a "main street" at Hyannis that is a real main street, a veritable Broadway, a wide avenue on either side of which are located many branch shops of metropolitan stores and others over the country, disguised with Tea Room signs. One of my friends said, as we drove along this road, "Here's where I usually drive like

H—, for if I stop my wife starts buying things."

Hyannis is a busy shopping center. It is the junction point on the railroad that has a switch engine. Its wide elm-shaded avenue and bustling shops is quite the center of a large area of summer residences. Near here is the handsome estate of the late Dick Canfield, the noted New York gambler, fitted up in the most elegant and exquisite royal style, nearly opposite the oldest windmill on Cape Cod. Now this home and all its treasures were being sold at auction. Many a large house and estate which has been the dream of its builder, has satisfied the hobby of its owner, but seemingly passed its days of usefulness, for the people of these times seem to be looking more to the bungalows and the simplicity of living, eliminating the grand estate idea with its retinue of servants and worship of the lavishness of mere wealth. The day of the individual has returned. Automobiles have



WILFRED WHEELER—former head of the Agricultural Department of the State of Massachusetts—manager of Coonamessett Ranch at Hatchville in the town of Falmouth, where the wonderful possibilities of agricultural development on Cape Cod are being scientifically demonstrated

somewhat disturbed the quaint picturesque isolation of the Cape, but in return have made it possible for over a quarter million people to share in the delights and pleasures of one of the most popular summer playgrounds in the world. Even if only to taste, we enjoy for a few days, the invigorating tang of the four seas and soft breezes that blow on and on, over the shores of the incomparable Cape Cod and Pilgrim land.

When Admiral Francis T. Bowles retired from the navy, he caught the Cape Cod fever. He now has a farm of one hundred acres near Barnstable, and is president of the Cape Cod Chamber of Commerce, a live organization of nearly three hundred members, of which Frank Dowden is secretary.



ADMIRAL FRANCIS T. BOWLES, U.S.N., retired, now plows the land instead of the sea on his hundred-acre farm near Barnstable. He is a Cape Cod enthusiast of the first water, and an exemplar of the old tradition that all true sailormen dream of becoming farmers

They have spacious headquarters on Main Street in Hyannis. While Admiral Bowles won world distinction as chief instructor of the United States Navy, president of the Fore River Shipbuilding Corporation, and assistant general manager of the United States Emergency Fleet corporation during the war, the one distinction he glories most in is that he is a real Cape Cod farmer. He has a farm of one hundred acres and twenty acres of cranberry bog, and more fun than anybody.

He believes in the great development of Cape Cod, and believes, too, that when the Canal is deepened for larger boats, it will become a center for farm and industrial products that will surpass all the glory of former days.

He loves every foot of Cape Cod, and has visited every one of the two hundred and seventy-seven lakes. He is making an exhibit at the Truro Fair in September, confident that he will win some prizes. He insists that Cape Cod is the place for all, whether they wish to play or work. It had the first golf course in the country, and now glories in one of the best links in America—the Eastward Ho links at Chatham, companion to the Westward Ho links at Lands End, England. It is already one of the famous seaside links, and all championship games must be played on seaside links. There is a reminder here for Scotchmen of the glories of St. Andrews and North Berwick.

There are only twenty-seven thousand people on Cape Cod in the winter time, and the population has been declining since

1860, but Admiral Bowles insists that the tide has turned.

Barnstable County, first settled by people from Plymouth, includes fifteen towns on the Cape, and was at one time a separate commonwealth, the same as our other colonies in pre-Revolutionary times. Not only is Admiral Bowles enthusiastic about modern progress, but he joins Professor Brigham of Hamilton College in insisting that Cape Cod is one of the most interesting geological formations, and unique among all the projections of land shown on the map of the world as a scenic, a home and a playground for all the peoples of the earth.

Located near Plymouth on the route to the Cape is the Baker Yacht Basin. It is at the junction of Fore River, with no bridges to cross, and only forty minutes by motor from Boston, and a mere seventeen by rail.

Under the present management a notable record is being made in carefully protecting the interest of patrons in turning out high class work under the direction of Mr. Tiffany.

The sailboat *Little Dipper* made her first cruise across Cape Cod Bay the day we were at Wellfleet.

Some of the work done at the Baker Yacht Basin this year includes the conversion of a 110-foot sub-chaser into a yacht for Robert Windsor of Boston, and extensive changes on the *Grey Goose* for J. W. C. McBeath. The schooner yacht *Sunshine*



A gala day at Terrace Gables

was altered and outfitted for its trip around the world here. Schooners were constructed for John Parkinson, Jr., and Rodman Swift. Several small boats, tenders, etc., and a knockabout for Mr. Richmond of Buzzard's Bay, were also built.

Many of the boats used in Jamaica and the West Indies are fashioned at the Baker Yacht Basin, which is rapidly building up an international reputation.

The old windmills are characteristic of Cape Cod. They were used for a most practical purpose in the early days, utilizing the winds to grind grain and pump water. Now they are the quaint reminders of dear old days. In the story and play of "Shavings," Joe Lincoln made a picturesque and touching allusion to the modern enterprise of making toy windmills for children.

Driving along the road across the long bridge at West Dennis we came upon a



JOHN M. MAKEPEACE of Wareham, who owns a thousand acres of cranberry bogs and insists that the one great thing in his life is growing cranberries, and getting people to better understand the virtue of the cranberries from Cape Cod, which have never been rivalled. The use of cranberries is on the verge of the greatest development in its history, he says. He is known as the Cape's "Cranberry King"

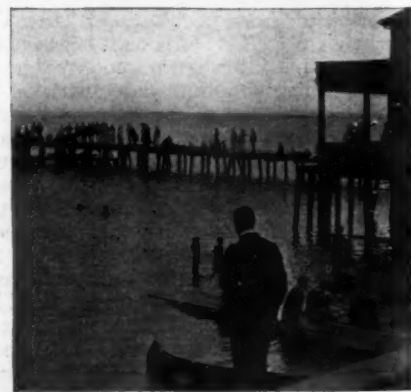
scene that thrilled with boyhood memories. The spacious lawn before a big white house was covered with tiny, whirling windmills of all sizes; there were aeroplanes and all sorts of grotesque figures dancing merrily to the tune of the whistling breezes.

The automobile containing children seems to involuntarily stop here while the kiddies make their exploration. One youngster put up an unanswerable argument:

"Why papa, if I have this windmill, we won't need gasoline," and the windmill was attached astern as the party drove off. This was the Baker shop. The lady inside insisted it was not the shop referred to in "Shavings," but that it was the original windmill shop. Her husband began making a few for the neighbors' children, then bird houses, boats and everything that delights a child's heart and known to the whittler's art was made.

It seemed as if we traveled every road on Cape Cod, some that had been deserted for many years, but they all led somewhere, on through the wilds into some cozy little home nook. It was while going over the Valley road en route to Senator Eben S. Keith's camp on Great Herring Pond or Lake Manomet that a real incident occurred. We were moving slowly along, the great headlights of the automobile staring ahead into the

green foliage and through the shadows of the woods. The moon was up and we were remarking what a pleasant experience it was to have this lonely but lovely ride in the night with only the stars above for signals and the narrow roadway for guidance. We were thinking of the Indians of the early days who probably established this trail—and then all of a sudden—the wheels on one side of the roadster went down into the bog ready for a roll down the hill when a large tree that singularly enough stood sentinel at that particularly soft portion of the road, caught and held us in firm embrace, else we should have turned over with the roadster holding us "first on downs." The spot light bumped into the bank. Well, far away from habitation, without a flashlight, we were a sorry sight. There were no rocks or boards handy for a foundation, so we searched for rocks far up and down the road but secured only a scant supply. Then Sumner cut cross lots and brought help from the camp. Parson Darby and his friend Mr. Gibbs, were there for a quiet week end. They had it—up to the time of our signal of distress. Then they turned out and boards were carried back and rocks were garnered over the road back to the roadster. Far into the night we worked, everybody bringing rocks and boards for a foundation on which to "jack up" the "off side" of the car, but the machine seemed to weigh many tons and pushed all into the soft earth of the roadside. As the witching hour of twelve approached, work was abandoned. There was the comradeship of the pioneer manifested in the way Parson Darby and his friend Gibbs just worked to help to get the roadster out of the pit long into the night. They kept on persisting with all the ardor of prospectors searching the sands for gold. This incident of kindly neighborliness can never be forgotten. Then across the lake we rowed that night—not knowing the landing place on the other side—but with the spirit of explorers followed the lights of Lakecroft Inn. As the lights were going out after the evening's gaiety there, along came Mine Host Kelliher's Henry,



Swimming hour at the Casino, Terrace Gables

with his sturdy Ford beach cart and took us to Sagamore Inn. He looked at us with sleepy eyes as we told him that we had tried a new country road at night, and somehow he found a room.

Here again at Sagamore, the wayfaring strangers, covered with mud, and tired and

weary, were welcomed by mine host. That night's slumber was certainly a precious boon. Up with the dawn, after dreaming of the tip-tilted roadster, we tried to organize an early expedition for the car's recovery, but Sunday morning on Cape Cod is like any other place. They like to sleep, and it was nine o'clock before the expedition was organized by Gene Ellis, Jr., with ropes, block and tackle and timbers. Everybody contributed a plank or something to help get the "ox," known as the roadster, out of the pit on that Sabbath day. When we arrived at the scene the car looked so sad and lonesome and all so different from the night before. Parson Darby did not attend church that day, but was right on hand to finish the job and so was Crosby Gibbs and Sumner. Then along came Charlie Harding, the guide, and General Wafer, who took command at the risk of missing his Sunday dinner. Inch by inch, the great machine was lifted out of the ditch and swung onto the road. There was more real ingenious engineering required in extricating that machine than in building a canal—but in the last analysis it was "beef," just beef or lifting power that counted, after the "jack" with a sure foundation of timbers, had lifted the "down" side—plank by plank up even with the "up" side. We were certainly glad to finally see the down side up, instead of the up side down. There were enough rocks gathered from a mile or so about to build a monument at the scene of the disaster. Once on the track again the question was—would it go? The tow line was ready. Would you believe it—after being twisted and turned, from bow to stern, the old roadster just wheezed away for a few seconds to catch a deep breath and then started off like a colt.

While this may seem like a prosaic incident, it gave to us a glimpse of that whole-hearted helpfulness of the people on the

things. Then those delightful hours at the camp, the rest retreat of Senator Keith. No wonder he loves it, for here upon the shores of this beautiful lake, he is close to

life. For six years, six successive terms, he was elected to the State Senate, and was Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee for five years. He was also a member



Senator Charles L. Gifford in a Cape Cod strawberry field

nature, and the duck shooting in the late fall makes them all forget the chilly breezes in the exhilarating sport.

After this experience, one can appreciate what all the good roads of the Cape mean and it was unnecessary to say thereafter "keep on the good roads" with your automobile. There are enough of them to go anywhere. To cap the climax, I deserted the roadster to ride in a friend's limousine. As I was entering, the door slammed. My hand was there. I carried it in a sling for a week afterward and I felt that now, indeed, I had my hand in for the pleasure days before me, proceeding like a real veteran traveler over historic Pilgrim land.

It is no longer stewed peaches and prunes for dessert on the Cape, as in the old-time boarding-house or summer place. Instead, the freshest fruit that the Boston markets afford is supplied on a scientific, hygienic basis. Cucumbers that go well with the salt herring and leave no after-effects; melons of all kinds and every degree, ripe and edible, and every other kind of green-stuff are delivered all over the Cape in the many trucks leaving the fruit stores directed by Nicolas Tsiknas.

Nicholas was born on an island on the Aegean Sea, and can talk Greek better than a classic scholar. He says "Hello" in twelve languages, and operated a candy kitchen in Constantinople for four years, selling sweets to the Turks.

He intuitively knows fruits from the figs and pomegranates of Smyrna and Athens, as well as the Honeydew melons of Imperial Valley, not overlooking the prize cranberries, blueberries and strawberries of Cape Cod. Rivals insist that he must use electric light to ripen his fruit, so luscious is it when delivered in the morning.

Nick is a thorough American, and thinks Cape Cod surpasses even the climate of his native Mitterland, lying in the bosom of the Aegean Sea.

Senator Charles Gifford has the distinction of one who has done more for the Cape than almost any other one man in public

of the House previously, and made a study of real estate and taxation, giving many years of thought to these subjects.

There is not a part of the Cape that he is not interested in helping with the roads, and in dredging the Popponesset and Waquoit Bays for further development.

He is also treasurer of the famous Cotuit Oyster Company. Having been born at Cotuit, he knows the home folks.

Senator Gifford began his life as a school teacher, but he was destined for a public career. His zeal and enthusiasm for Cape Cod development has forced him to the front in public enterprises. The Cape folks feel that he is eminently qualified to succeed Joe Walsh as their representative to Congress, and a wide-spread movement to affect this was gathering headway.

There is a musical charm in the very name Wianno. Isolated in the tall pines near Osterville on the south shore are some of the finest houses and estates on Cape Cod. It was here that William Lloyd Garrison found his summer retreat; here, too, the late Dr. Anna Shaw, prominently identified with the suffrage movement, partook of the inspiration of fair Wianno. The outlook of sea and inlet from the shaded banks includes a picturesque spot that might well have lured General Leonard Wood when he returned to visit the haunts of his birthplace at Bourne. He often affectionately stated that Cape Cod was a miniature bit of the best of scenic America, with everything but snow-capped mountains, and they could be imagined in the dense white clouds terraced far above the surf of the sea.

It was a real treat to visit Grandmother Harding's house near (Continued on page 151)



The inlets from Nantucket Sound are ideal for motor boating

Cape—that wonderful spirit of Americanism. It recalled the days with trucks ditched in France in the boggy mires off the main roads when everybody turned to and with a mighty pull altogether soon righted

"Born to set forth a feast"

Ducks—Acres of 'em on the Cape

The rolling sand dunes on the Mayo farm at Orleans, white with ducks in the summer time, look from a distance like drifts of snow

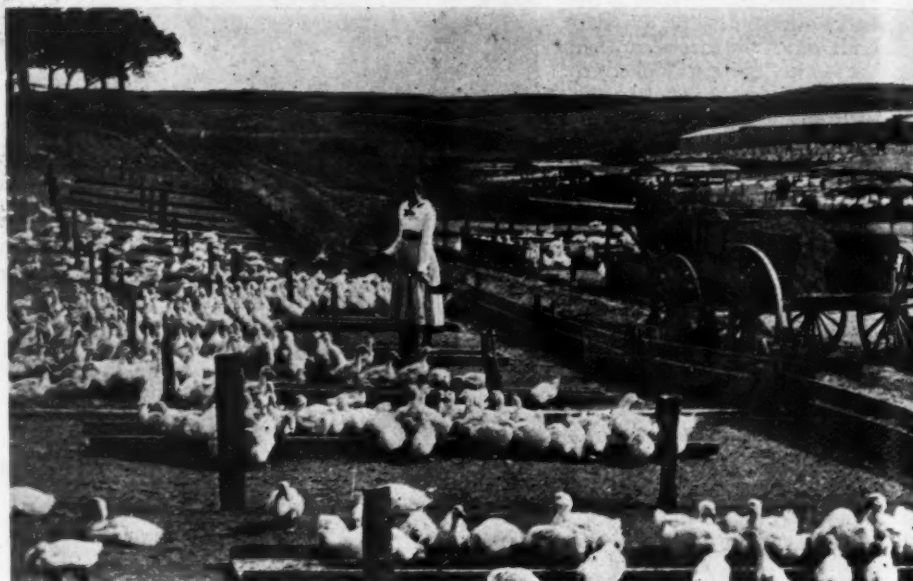
PICTURE nearly fifty thousand white ducks on the sloping sides of the green-wooded sand dunes at East Orleans and you have glimpsed an industry of Cape Cod that has found much favor with epicureans.

Maybe a duck is a duck, but the white ducks of Cape Cod, raised within the short space of eleven weeks from the shell to the marketplace, nurtured on the generous Cape Cod diet of greens and grain, are indeed exceptional. Acres of fluttering wings add color and activity to the Mayo Duck Farm at East Orleans.

Twenty years after W. H. Mayo began raising chickens in incubators, he became interested in ducks and found out that ducks were more suited to the climate and were more free from ailments. They seemed to thrive in the tempered atmosphere under the elbow of Cape Cod.

The farm is that of his grandfather. Here the Mayos have lived generation after generation. Mr. Mayo now lives in the farmhouse where he and his father were born.

With skill born of experience he walks through the immense incubator room, gently picking up the little ducklings born that day. Three weeks in the warmth of the incubator brings the little waddling balls of yellow down from the eggs. How the duck-



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Dinner time for the feathered guests on the Duck Farm at East Orleans

lings chirp! When they first find their legs they are passed into a pen, then outdoors, and gradually from pen to pen until they

reach full maturity at eleven weeks and bear plumage of pure white.

The ducks are then dressed for the market. The picking room is a shower of fluffy softness—that to the novice looks like eiderdown.

Some of the quills later find their way into the plumage on milady's hat. A great bulk of down weighs only a few pounds. You have a great respect for duck feather pillows after looking on these pure white billows of down.

Every day in scores of ice chests, that resemble the old sea chest of his grandfather, these ducklings are packed in ice, and tied with a little ribbon label marked "Mayo Ducklings" and sent to hotels and homes. They arrive at their destination as firm and pure white as when shipped, and find favor with those who appreciate the tender, toothsome flesh of the ducklings, for these are real ducklings. You feel that you have never tasted real duck until you have some of the Cape Cod variety.

Mayo ducks do not live in ponds and hardly have an opportunity to use their little web feet, but waddle about in tubs and pens, drinking pure water and eating their fill of the food spread before them, enjoying the open air and living their young lives with all the comfort and enjoyment that could possibly be packed into eleven weeks of duckdom.

There were motion picture men screening the career of the little ducklings from egg to marketplace.

(Continued on page 152)



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At the age of eleven weeks they are ready for killing and dressing. Photograph shows Mr. W. H. Mayo catching one of the adults outward-bound for the "Happy Hunting Grounds"

"Up Along" and "Down Along" Cape Cod

Continued from page 149

Harding beach, Chatham. There was the old-fashioned fireplace where sixty or eighty pies were baked and the Sunday dinner prepared during the busy week days so that there might be rest on the seventh day, and plenty of time for "meeting." The house was pointed out "where mother started housekeeping."

Snuggled away in one historic hearthstone I saw an electric-coal range. Shades of the departed! Think of an electrically-equipped hearthstone to greet a Pilgrim housewife were she to return today.

Every American family in the north seems to be able to trace back a relative who at some time or other has lived on Cape Cod. Here the distinction between Pilgrim and Puritan is realized. The Pilgrims were the Dissenters who left England for Holland on a pilgrimage. While there they foresaw the war clouds coming that would interfere with their longing to worship God and preserve individual liberty as they had dreamed.

The people of Holland were hospitable, but they felt that they must make another pilgrimage over the sea, so that their ideals could be maintained free from any influence and in all the simplicity of their belief.

That is why you find on Cape Cod the windmills of Holland, an affectionate tribute to the country which had befriended them in their first wandering to a strange land. They were indeed Pilgrims. The Puritans believed that they could purify their church within the church, and not sever their relations at home. It is interesting to trace back the lineage of families today and note the still-existing differences between Pilgrim and Puritan which was far more marked and distinct in the earlier times.

Cape Cod is dotted with libraries. In the old days, Cape Cod boys would walk eight and ten miles to get a book to read. The late G. E. Swift, founder of Swift and Company, born on Cape Cod, started in business in Sandwich before responding to the call of the west. He walked eight miles as a boy to get books to read about the west and raising stock. He always had a warm spot in his heart for Cape Cod folks, and in Chicago Samuel Nickerson, president of the First National Bank, was one of the Cape's representatives who helped to win the west.

Near the birthplace of James Otis of Revolutionary fame is held the renowned Barnstable Fair every fall. Here the Cape folk gather after the crops are harvested and talk over pumpkins and potatoes, chickens and ducks, cranberries and strawberries—all together in friendly rivalry. It is a sort of consolidated town meeting. There are horse races, too—real horse races—and sports, all overlooking the impressive stretches of the Barnstable marshes.

As autumn days approach the visitors are loath to leave the charm of the Cape in all its full-orbed splendor. Labor Day brings



1,820,000 Telephones Moved

In the telephone business every day is "moving day". Telephone subscribers are probably the most stable and permanent portion of our population; yet during the past year one telephone out of every seven in the Bell System was moved from one place of residence or business to another at some time during the year.

The amount of material and labor, and the extent of plant changes involved in "station movement" are indicated by the fact that this item of service cost the Bell System more than \$15,000,000 in 1921.

To most people, the connecting or disconnecting of a telephone seems a simple operation of installing or removing the instrument. As a matter

of fact, in every case it necessitates changes in the cables and wires overhead or underground. It also necessitates changes in central office wires and switchboard connections; in subscribers' accounts and directory listings; and frequently requires new "drop" lines from open wires or cables.

The problems of station movement are among the large problems of the telephone service. Because of the double operation of disconnecting and re-connecting, the work involved is often twice as great as in the case of new subscribers. With nearly 2,000,000 changes a year, it is only by the most expert management of plant facilities that Bell service is enabled to follow the subscriber wherever he goes.



"BELL SYSTEM"
AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES
One Policy, One System, Universal Service, and all directed toward Better Service

a review of the happy hours of summer. That last night on the veranda at Chatham I sat alone, looking out toward the sea. In the distance was the bar, and there came to my mind the lines of Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar":

"Twilight and evening bell
And after that the dark!"

Near me at the corner were a number of vacant rocking chairs. In the wind shifting around the corner they began tilting and swaying to the breezes, their backs catching the wind like sails. It was like a spiritualistic seance. The chairs were "tipping" as though by unseen hands. In one I could fancy Aunt Phoebe, rocking to and fro furiously as she commented in

righteous indignation on some incident that had aroused her ire. Then in another chair seemed the grandfather, captain and master of his fate, leisurely swaying to and fro, in the glow of reminiscence. Then there were the two chairs of the lovers, swinging in the unison of hearts attuned.

Lastly was grandmother's chair, a bit apart in the corner, enthroned. It suggested the faithful Cape Cod mother, the first up, the last to retire. Perhaps in this rocker, in nights past, she did a bit of mending or laid aside her knitting to read from her Bible before retiring with a prayer for the loved ones at sea, lost awhile. Up along and down along Cape Cod there was ever present the feeling that I was a traveller in the Motherland of the Republic.

Ducks—Acres of 'em on the Cape

Continued from page 150

Mr. Mayo walks through the great sea of white ducks with their strident, hoarse cries—"quack, quack, quack." Their call is music in his ears. He can even tell by the quack of a duck the state of its health or disposition.

He is one of the most successful duck growers in the country and in this work has put the same spirit of conscious integrity that is characteristic of his forebears. The minutest care with which Mr. Mayo breeds, incubates and rears his ducklings has established a wide reputation for his product.

The glory of the Cape Cod cuisine of cranberries, oysters, turkey, clams, custard pie, mince pie, and mackerel have found a new glory in the triumph of W. H. Mayo and his enormous duck farm. The business is constantly expanding and is an interestingly distinctive feature of the Cape industry.



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The Miniature World Called Yale

Continued from page 113

for public use by the first settlers still survives as the New Haven Green. Nearby is the site of the home of Dr. Noah Webster, and it was here that a part of the dictionary was compiled. There are other spots marking Benedict Arnold's home, the property of one Isaac Allerton, the only Mayflower pilgrim to visit New Haven, and the fields where students and citizens vainly fought to prevent the British troops from pillaging and firing the town.

It causes curious, almost religious, cross currents of feeling to be leaving Yale. There are, of

GENERAL view of the Mayo Duck Farm, where fifteen acres are devoted to breeding purposes. The farm overlooks the spot where a German submarine appeared during the war and fought a spectacular battle with an American hydroplane, to the vast entertainment of an audience composed of the inhabitants of nearby farms and summer cottages, who gathered on the bluffs to witness what seemed for all the world a carefully staged movie stunt. While neither side scored a hit before the commander of the undersea craft decided to seek a less unhospitable locality, they did succeed in scaring the ducks.

This was the nearest that the German navy came to an invasion of the United States

course, the speculations about the future, but dominating is the regret that our Utopia—not one of lotus-eaters, but of intense activity—is to be no more.

Yale College is far more than just a wonderful educational institution—it is a community, a little world in miniature, without the crassness of the world at large. We have felt the same awards for the aggressor, the same stigma for the slacker, which the world deals out. Violation

of the unconscious standard of conduct and activity which two centuries and more of the nation's best men have built up brings a stinging condemnation. There are no drones at Yale. We have worshipped our "big men," and ignored our hangers-on.

No, Yale has not proved to be the "democracy" we had heard it was. That word "democracy" has somehow come to have a poor connotation, one of levelling downwards. Yale might, I suppose, be called a selected democracy, for to enter the life of real Yale one must first be a real man. The traditions of Yale, kept intact by undergraduate opinion, standardize its students, it is true, but to a very high standard indeed. It is the remembrance of graduates that at Yale men are "democratized upwards." That brings them back to reunion after reunion and causes each succeeding generation to attend the same Alma Mater.



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Just hatched! Note the "ducklet" emerging from his shell. Three thousand ducks are hatched here every week

It's hard to pick up for the last time our furnishings in Harkness, marvel of architecture and home of Yale men.

—to bid adieu to Woolsey Hall, with its inspirational collection of prominent Yale men of the past.

—to say goodbye to the dining hall, with its memories of wonderful junior proms once a year and less wonderful food the rest of the time.

—to leave the grand old Bowl and the thrill of being one of 86,000 tensely watching the big football games.

—to part company with friends forged during four "bright college years," with only the assurance that "time or change can naught avail" to break them.

Just a little respite to witness the all-absorbing alumni parade on the day of the baseball game, to watch the hotly-fought crew races on the New London course, and those usurpers, the Junior class, will have stepped into our places.

For us, there are new fraternities ahead to make, bigger and more important even than those of Calcium Night and Tap Day. Tomorrow we start "heeling" in a terrific competition, with the awards made on a basis of success in life.